

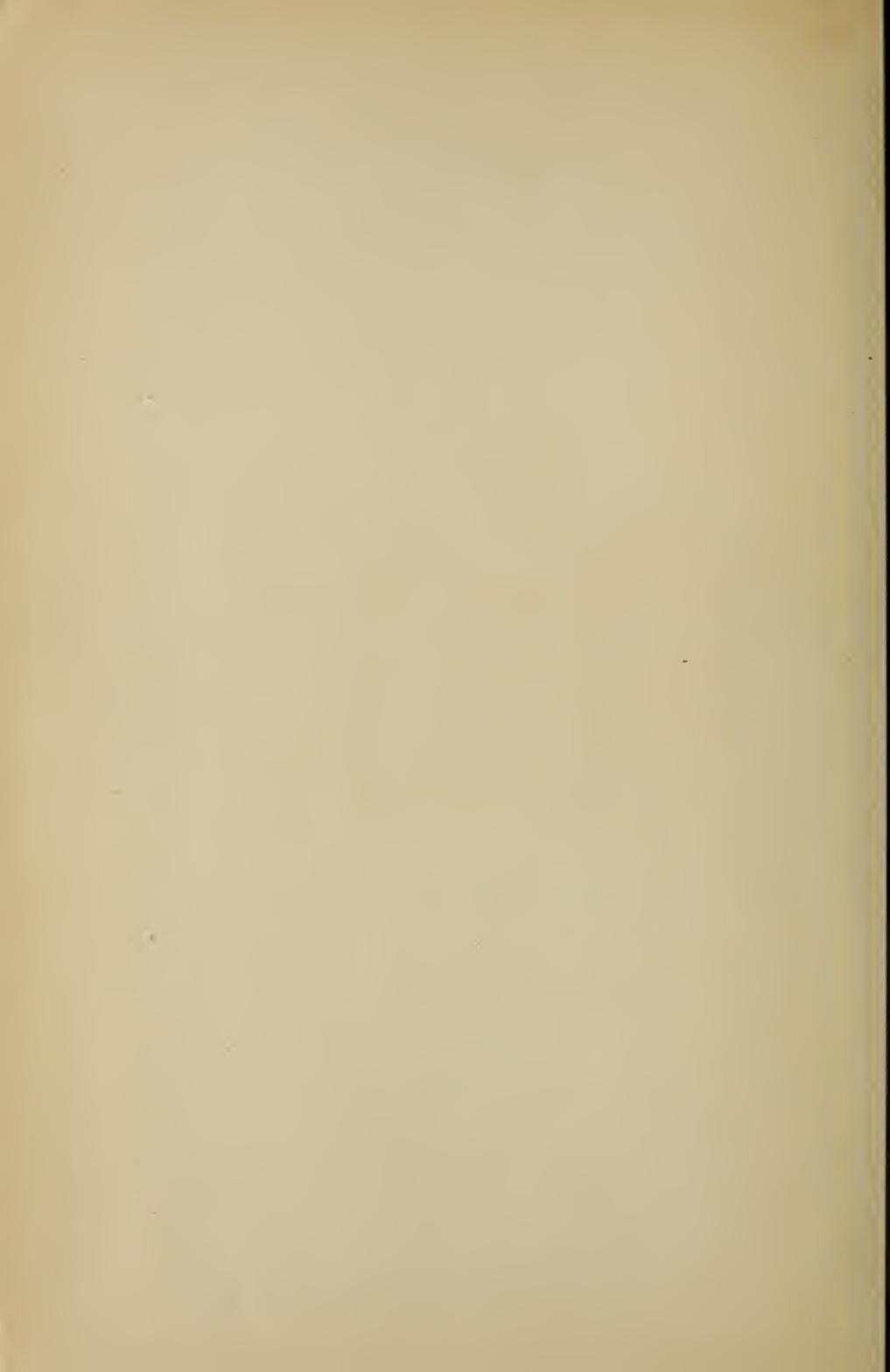


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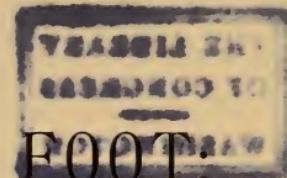
THE
ITINERANT ON FOOT;
OR,
LIFE-SCENES RECALLED.

BY JOHN SCARLETT,
OF THE NEWARK ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,
BY
REV. GEORGE HUGHES.

I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty, and of Thy wondrous works.—Psalm cxlv. 5.

W. C. PALMER,
62 AND 64 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.



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INTRODUCTION.

CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY is a rich treasure. It magnifies the grace of Christ, reveals the precious offices of the Holy Spirit, and demonstrates the unrivaled potency of evangelical religion. It furnishes varied and lofty themes for the intelligent student, and may well engage the profound thought of the true philosopher. It charms the devout mind, relieves the doubting and perplexed, cheers the solitary, comforts the afflicted, and inspirits the disheartened, among Christ's followers. Every page is resplendent with unearthly attractions.

The arrest of the guilty soul by the Eternal Spirit's almighty grip—the agony, tears, and pleadings of penitence at Mercy's Throne—the triumphal passage of the strait gate, and the joyous entrance upon the narrow way of eternal life—the grand developments of character in the pilgrimage heavenward—and the ultimate entrance upon the bliss of immortal destiny—these are among its munificent contributions to the realm of evangelical literature. The Church should prize, immeasurably, these gifts of the rolling years of Christian history. The burning pages, glowing with divine love, should be scattered broadcast—to illumine, beautify, and empower. It would be a measureless disaster if the "*Satanic press*," with its myriad vile emanations, should supplant the pure and elevating communications of the religious press. The study of God's ambassador, the Sabbath School Library, and the parlor tables of God's people, should teem with these productions. God's luminous and ineffaceable signature has been upon

them in all the ages of Christianity. Let the life-annals of God's heroes, then, have the right of way—a revival of holy literature is one of the great needs of the times.

A brief word respecting the present volume will suffice. It modestly presents its claims to the public favor, especially of the lovers of Jesus. Its author is well known, as a reputable member of the "Newark," formerly of the "New Jersey Annual Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church." And, by quite extended public labors, and contributions to the religious press, many beyond his immediate ministerial connections have become familiar with his name and enshrined him in their hearts.

The narrative of these passages is startling and impressive. It furnishes an argument in favor of the divine origin and transforming energy of Christianity, which neither Satanic subtlety, nor human sophistry can overthrow.

The rescue from infidel darkness and thralldom, as here given, is marvelous. Deep, thorough, all-comprehensive repentance—a palpable, joyous, triumphant conversion—after-life full of the sunshine from heaven—are the subjects presented. Brother Scarlett commenced his Christian career *in sunshine*, emphatically so—his life has been passed in the beauteous rays of the "Sun of righteousness"—and he will ere long *die in sunshine*, without an intervening cloud. Now, with the impress of *almost eighty years* upon his brow, his face is "bright with borrowed rays divine." His feet stand firmly on the Rock of Ages. The subject of his hourly converse is, "*Jesus only*"—Jesus and His mighty love. The verities which are eternal fill the whole compass of his vision.

My acquaintance with him began in 1844, at the time of my admission into the New Jersey Conference—then, the golden links of a true, life-long Christian love were riveted. It is a joy to be near him on earth—it will be joy unutterable to be with him in heaven,—which may God grant for Jesus' sake! The book is sent forth in prayer and faith, and in the hope that it will bear blessing, far and wide, long after its author sleeps with Jesus.

GEO. HUGHES.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were not written with a sensational purpose, nor to excite to deeds of ignoble strife. They do not contain tales of shuddering horror, pictures of blood-drops staining bright and burnished steel—of deadly duel-fights, or on battle-fields in war. They are a simple record of facts, incidents, experiences, and observations of busy memory's gathering up, through the course of a long and active life.

This volume contains original matter. It has been prepared with a motive to benefit the reader. The author was prompted to write his autobiography by the advice of numerous friends. The first and strongest incitement in this direction, he received in a letter

from the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, by which she urged him to give to the world an account of his life.

This unadorned portraiture of his early life-scenes, and a walking itinerancy for many years, has features of both solemnity and cheerfulness—of tears, and smiles, and gladness. While it is designed to have no other tendency than such as leads to Christ and “pure religion,” it may produce in the reader’s mind, sometimes, emotions not in sympathy with gloomy associations. Why should faith in Jesus be draped in mourning? Some people look sour because they profess faith in Christ, and “have joined the Church.” They would paint religion as a “Niobe, all tears.” It is far otherwise, however, when rightly appreciated. Jesus instructs his followers to be “not of a sad countenance.” Purity of heart should not distort the “human face divine.”

May “The Itinerant on Foot” go on a message of mercy and “good will to men,” is the sincere desire and prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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THE ITINERANT ON FOOT.

CHAPTER I.

INFANT DAYS AND EARLY MEMORIES.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."
—Eccles. xii. 1.

MEMORY in man is a faculty of early development, and of rapid growth. In life's dewy morning it is pleasant in its exercise, and retentive in its grasp. With age, its light diminishes, and its wings realize decaying strength. This, if memory with the righteous should not survive the grave, in after-death realities, would be regretful.

“ For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?”

Things impressed upon the senses, during the tender years of childhood, are more vividly perceived and remembered than more important events seen, heard, and experienced in after life. Early ideas are remembered the longest.

“ Time, but the impression stronger makes
 As streams their channels deeper wear.”

On April 30th, 1803, in a rural, sequestered spot, Morris county, New Jersey, I first saw the light. Two years after, I was, with a younger brother, removed by my parents to Wanaque, Pompton township, Bergen county, in the same State. In this pleasant valley, with its romantic surroundings, I spent fifteen years of my young life. I was gifted by nature with a good memory, and can recall incidents that occurred when I was but three years of age. I have strong temptations to make record of trifling things, too insignificant for the public eye, yet, to me, pleasant to remember.

My young life is pleasant, in my recollections, though excluded from every attraction that wealth could supply. In the midst of wooded scenery and wildness I found ravishing delight. I have always retained a fondness for the country. I had a fancy and liking for views of far-off mountains, hills, dales, glens, and gorges. Leafy trees, in summer, and fields of red clover, with their accompanying birds and bees, gave me unforgotten pleasure. These were photographed on my infant mind. I was charmed at the sight of a flowery meadow, or sunny landscape, although I did not know what to call them. The gentle slope, kissed by the morning sun—the green valleys and “lilies of the field”—the millions of pearly drops of morning dew, gave me emotions not to be described. The blossoming orchards in the sunlight—the fragrance of flowers—the passing shadows of summer clouds—the gurgling mountain-stream, and balmy zephyrs, that fanned my sun-burned face, I never can forget. I also had a keen sense of the ridiculous. This has never left me; it abides with me still.

My moral sensibilities were tender. I was the subject of the convictions of right and wrong at an early period. While quite young, I thought on God, and dreaded his displeasure. Do not children, in general, have spiritual impressions? I was regarded by my parents as a truthful child; yet, I sometimes deviated in my conduct from the line of honest-thinking and right words. Once, during a thunder-storm, the lightning struck near by, apparently, as it was followed quickly by a thunder-peal. I stated to my father that I saw the bolt strike the river before our door, causing the water to fly up. Now, I saw *no such thing*. I had no motive to deceive; but my young imagination sought to cause in my father wonderment, concerning the elements. After that I feared the lightning, or God, who wings it. Was it not Satanic influence on my fallen nature, inciting me, that gave my mind a bias against the love of truth, on that occasion? The increased dread of thunder and lightning, giving me a fear of God, cannot be truly accounted for but by the acknowledgment of the operation of the Holy Spirit on my con-

science Two opposite agencies strove with me: the one, heart-hardening, leading to sin; the other, leading to penitence and the fear of God. My fallen nature was "prone to evil, as the sparks are to fly upward." Inbred sin drew down the moral and mental powers, and bound them to the animal propensities, and gave the carnal an ascendancy over the spiritual. This is the case with all children, however favorable their situation on earth.

The experiences I realized during the years of my youth, have a tendency to confirm me in the firm faith I enjoy in the Gospel. The true teachings of the Word are needed, appropriate, and never misleading. Children are both fallen and redeemed. They are subject to Satanic influence, and the strivings of grace. They are indebted to grace, for good desires; and temptations to sin are from the devil. These truths of "Holy Writ," should be taught them early.

My father was fond of children, and he took great pleasure in gratifying their innocent wishes as far as possible. His social qualities were attractive. His company was agreeable to

the intelligent. He taught school the most of his life, in America. He was an Irishman. The young loved his society. He would play, at times of recess, with his scholars. He loved to narrate to attentive listeners the incidents met with in his travels. He was thought to be a real genial Irishman. After coming to this country and residing in the city of Philadelphia for a season, he went to Alexandria, Virginia, and was clerk for a Mr. Penrose, in a large establishment. Here, he saw **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, the father of his country, whom he greatly admired. The first piece of poetry he instructed me to commit to memory, to recite in school, was

WASHINGTON.

“O Washington ! thrice glorious name !
What due reward can man decree ?
Empires are far below thy aim,
And scepters have no charms for thee ;
Virtue alone is thy regard,
And she shall be thy great reward !”

Washington, no doubt, was designed by Providence for the position he occupied and the

work he accomplished for the well-being of this Land of Freedom. Yet, the eulogy above is rather too high to award to mortal man. My father taught me wholesome lessons, profitably remembered in long-after life. I sometimes disobeyed him, to my hurt. I disliked to incur his displeasure. Once, during recess, I was amusing myself alone, as oft was my wont, sauntering carelessly about, a short distance from the school-house, I picked up a stone about the size of a black walnut, with the motive of testing my strength and skill, in throwing it over the highest branches of a wide-spreading tree. With ambition I watched its motion in a curving line until it fell on the opposite side. A lady unhappily stood where it fell; and she was struck on the head, and stunned with the blow. I did not know she was there, or the stone would not have been hurled. Hidden by the branches of the tree, I did an unintentional wrong. When I saw her lying on the ground, thinking she was killed, I had great grief, and I was determined to confess the truth. The scholars, seeing the prostrate form of the injured lady,

ran into the school-room ; and the most noted for mischief was accused of the deed. I hastened in, walking up directly to my father's desk, pulling off my jacket, the while, confessing the stone-throwing act, desiring chastisement of no boy but myself. I could not bear an innocent person to be punished for what I had done. My father looked at me, divested as I was for a thrashing, and his sympathy was kindled. Applying his handkerchief to his "dewy eyes," he said, "John, I cannot whip you ; your honest behavior will not allow me." I was not punished ; and my father had increased confidence in me ; and this, also, increased my sense of obligation to do right in everything. It is good, if possible, to put confidence in the word of a child, and let him be aware of it. In a spiritual sense it is good for us sinners to be honest with God ; to take off all covering, as I did my jacket, and say to God, "I did it !" with an open, uncovered heart and conscience. Then, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I contracted a fondness for reading while quite a small boy, and this habit has never left me. During winter nights, between the supper-hour and bed-time, I read my book. I was not favored with the electric light, gas, or even candle light. A huge "back-log," "fore-stick," and a pile of dry wood and chips between them, afforded me light ; and I took advantage of the times. I love to think of those halcyon days. There I sat, a sun-burned urchin, on a block, sawed on purpose from the trunk of a tree, before the "olden time" fireplace, that would hold the eighth of a cord of wood ! My memory ransacks that "Chimney Corner," for tales of yore. There my studies commenced. "The art of letters," and the science of many things were touched and held at finger ends. Stories, narratives, adventures, and "hair-breadth-scapes," stirred my pleasurable new-born thoughts. "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Arabian Nights," entertained me for a season.

"O, once again, who would not be a boy ?"

In my early life, as I have already noticed, I was charmed with the beauties of nature ;

and reading intensified this native taste. Had I enjoyed scholastic advantages, I might have made something—but no more of this. The wild and varied scenes that passed in review, expanded somewhat my mind and helped to develop imagination. The colors of beautiful flowers affected me, in reading of them, as they had in seeing them. Fancy is a help in reading. To read of a flash of lightning suddenly driving midnight darkness from an orchard white with blossoms in the month of June, will make it appear to imagination in pleasing contrast. Is not the sense of the beautiful in man a *soul sense*? an indication of the spirituality of his nature? Animals do not feed on flowers. They have no interest in the “sublime and beautiful.” Fragrance yields to them no pleasure. The instinctive tribes are not charmed with the fresh beauties of the morning, nor the gorgeous gold and purple in the clouds around the setting sun. What do they care for the views of mountains, rivers, lakes, and “the dark blue sea”? The taste for such beauties is peculiar to the human soul, and their essential properties in the world

of final bliss will not be remembered, merely, as having belonged exclusively to earth. Heaven will unfold beauties that here are typified. God, consistent with this notion, has produced these things to induce a suitable exercise of our mental, moral, and spiritual powers, leading us to think of Him, and His bright abode.

Will these natural things of beauty, which are the means, not the source, of pleasurable emotions to the souls of men, especially Christians, not be continued to the saved beyond the grave? Or will not the glorified millions meet something like them that they here and now point to on the ever-green shore? God will surely, in all His works and ways, be consistent with Himself. By Him, there is nothing made in vain, nor ever will be.

The impressions made on the minds of children, before their consciences become indurated by resisting the spirit of God, are of vital importance. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I had no Sunday-school advantages; I heard no Christian experiences related.

All the religion professed where I resided seemed to consist of mere opinions.

Both my father and mother were much in the habit of Bible reading, yet knew nothing of experimental religion. They were, however, uncommonly severe on all types of infidelity. My father would sometimes, with great earnestness, say : "John, you must never suffer yourself to doubt the Bible." How often I have since thought of his advice ! He would, when requested, read the Word of God at the bedside of the sick. He would say to them, in serious conversation and much solemnity, "God is gracious and very merciful." He would read prayers, but I never heard him pray orally. He was of Episcopalian persuasion ; and in his school he taught us the catechism every Saturday. He was thought to be a good school-teacher. He had appreciation of the good and the true in morals, was always fond of poetry, and indulged in versifying at times, when in the mood. He was an Arminian in religious sentiment. My mother was a Calvinist of the most rigid kind. They both cherished a dislike to-

ward Methodism. They held erroneous opinions concerning that great revival of "Christianity in earnest." Haters of that which is good had given false or distorted descriptions of Methodism, and they, with many others, had been deceived. Correct accounts of pure religion can be expected of Christians only.

The news of a sudden death, in the neighborhood, had a powerful influence upon me. The first corpse I ever saw made a deep impression on my mind. Something whispered within me, that *death was not the final goal of thinking man!* *A life was in my conscious being, I thought, that could not die!* Immortality within, echoed to the voice of the striving "Spirit of Truth!"

The love of *strong drink* extensively prevailed, *unchecked by temperance principles publicly announced.* It was customary at funerals to *treat* all that attended. This, no doubt, increased the gatherings on such occasions, when almost all would partake of the intoxicating beverage; and it was a common thing for *ministers of the gospel* to take a *dram* when visiting the sick. The Christian churches certainly have made improvement as to their social customs.

Some of the scenes of the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, are yet by me distinctly remembered. I was but nine years old, and realized the influence of "the war" upon me in two opposite ways. The slain and wounded on the battle-field, as rumor did from time to time report, and of which I read the account; and the drafting of men, which I saw, and the "dreadful note of preparation" by uniformed soldiery, with the ominous "flag of stars and stripes,"

"E'er yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Had dimm'd the glistening bayonet,"

made me nervous and sad. And yet I delighted in military display: the measured tread of marching companies; their uniforms, banners, plumes, and glittering steel; their martial music of "ear-piercing-fife" and "stirring drum"; their parade-grounds of grassy green; and the gathering multitudes of spectators of men, women and children, all arrayed in their best attire, gave me pleasurable emotions. Even the child has something in his nature that responds to the taste of "cruel war."

The battle of New Orleans, triumphantly fought by *General Andrew Jackson*, on the 8th of January, 1815, was hailed with unbounded rejoicings. The peace proclaimed gave universal satisfaction. The soldiers that had survived the war, being disbanded, came home worse than they left. They were demoralized, reckless, idle and intemperate, and business was dull. It was hard to get a living. War brings in its train many evils. When will its bloody work cease? For some time after the close of the war, it was hard getting along for poor people. One day, while I was thinking of these things, looking out from our little home on the side of the mountain, I saw a cloud in the south-west, moving rapidly to meet another cloud coming toward it. They met and twisted together in the form of a funnel. It was a *tornado*, of tremendous force. It broke off trees near the ground, more than a foot in diameter; and lifted large rails high in air instantly. I saw it and thought of the greatness of God's power, in a way not easily to be forgotten.

My ambition for fame was checked while I

was yet a boy. One sunny day in mid-winter, during school recess at noon, I, with a number of boys and girls, thought it good to have a pleasant sleigh-ride down a steep hill that would land us on a wide field of ice. I was the foremost one in this exciting matter, and had procured for the purpose "a one-horse sleigh." I claimed the post of danger and sat in front. The sleigh was filled to its utmost capacity. It moved along for a while gracefully, with its heart-beating load, on the smooth and frozen surface of the snow. Our course was toward the south-east, and the snow had softened near the foot of the hill, and let down our sleigh suddenly before it reached the ice. I was thrown forward and the whole party fell on me, crushing in the frontal bone over my left eye, leaving a scar that I shall carry until I "shuffle off this mortal coil." I have never since felt uncommon ambition to be at the head of adventurous enterprises. Wholesome mental impressions on the brain I have ever found preferable to crack-scull embarkations in a downward course of life!

In the year 1816, my schooling was brought

to a close, my father teaching at a distance from home, and I was bound, according to my own desire, to a farmer for three years, to work for my clothes and board. I was shown my bedroom, where I found an antiquated chest for my use. When I raised the lid, while disposing of my wardrobe in proper order, I discovered *some silver change*, lying loosely in it. I took it out and gave it to the farmer's wife. A short time after my father came to see me ; and I overheard him and the farmer in conversation about me. The farmer informed him that I had been tried, and was found honest. Was it not an imprudent thing to place a temptation before a boy ? Some dishonest person might have taken that money, and my character would have been stained.

I "endured hardness" during my stay with the farmer—working in the winter, sometimes in the woods a distance from home, chopping wood. I wore no flannel under-garments, and stayed out all day, and my fare was rye bread and pork and beef ; my toil was hard. I do not speak of this with feelings of regret. My early

rising, plain diet and exercise made me more strong in bone and muscle, if not in brain. My clothing was all of home-made stuff. I earned and was paid three shillings for over-work, and kept it two years before it was all spent.

In my fourteenth year I first saw the city of *New York*, accompanying the farmer's son, with a wagon-load of poultry seeking a market. New York, sixty years ago, was a small town to what it is now. A dense cloud of smoke hung over it from the burning of pine wood. This was the only fuel used, and its odor spread for miles around. "Greenwich street" was then the nearest street to the North River. *Jersey City* (called then Paulus' Hook) did not seem to contain more than a score of houses. Many acres of the meadows between Newark and New York were covered with a dense growth of cedar; it was called the "*Cedar Swamp*." This ride from home and back was to me a great treat; and having seen New York, I had it to think and talk about. It was a novel enterprise, as much so as the circumnavigation of the globe to some.

Things often occur during our childhood which aptly illustrate circumstances that take place with us in riper years. I have often thought of an event that transpired when I was a boy, showing some points in the common course of men in their journey through life. It was part of my work to attend to the cattle. During the summer season the cows were driven every morning to the woods to browse, some considerable distance from home. It fell to my charge to go after them every evening. One sultry afternoon, I started for the cows quite early, but dallied and sauntered along the way—unlike my usual habit—until it began to be late in the day. The singing of the birds, the echoings of various noises among the rocks, and the romantic scenery, beguiled the hours away, and I was forgetful of the flight of time. At length I reached the open place where often before the cows had been found. It was a secluded spot of a few acres, where once a house had been. The remains of the foundation and walls, with decayed timber, were yet visible. The "Shay Place," it was reported, was haunted.

Not within sight or sound of civilization, it was a lonely spot ; and that the superstitious should regard it as a place to see "sights" and hear "noises," was not to be wondered at. I had passed the gloomy place where, according to the memory of old people, two soldiers of the revolutionary war, having died of the *small-pox*, were buried. And I had to pass their graves again on that doleful night going home. The sun had gone down behind a dark cloud, in which slept the lightning. I began to be in a gloomy mood. In my solitude I listened to hear the familiar bell of the leading cow, but, to my ear, no

"drowsy tinklings lulled the distant fold."

The cows had all gone home, and I was left alone in the woods. A thunder-storm was coming on, giving warning of its approach in muttering sounds, that were "deep and dread." With fearful apprehensions, I was making the best of my way for home. "Darkling, I wander'd with prophetic dread," through the almost pathless forest. The thunder-peals increased, in

loudness, until they were awful. "The mighty thunderings" constituted the bass to the roar of the storm that night, and the lightning's glare was terrifying in the extreme. I walked on with a forlorn hope. Without a path to guide me, I wandered, not knowing where I should fetch up. I was wet to the skin by the drenching rain, and my only light was the lightning's vivid flash, to be succeeded by a greater darkness. After walking in this way over rocks and through briars, disagreeable, dangerous and lonely places, at length the lightning revealed to me the *old haunted place of departure!* I had gone round in a rambling way until I arrived as far from home as when I started for it. I again set out, hoping that God would be my guide. The storm subsided, and, listening for the *bell*, I heard the sound of the "*family horn*." I knew the sharp sound of that horn, and believed it was blown on my behalf. I walked on with redoubled perseverance, although hungry and wet, carefully following the direction of the sound of the familiar horn, and gladly, after a while, emerged from the woods. I saw the

road, the river, and the bridge. I saw the "orchard, the meadow," and the path through it to the *dear old home*. I walked along, and there was the *barn*, the *well-sweep*, and the *garden*! My home came in view, and the family-group came about me, and I was welcomed by kind and loving friends. Exchange of raiment, and a relished supper, made me happy. I had, as it were, "beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

In my carelessness, and idle waste of time, I became belated, and in consequence storm and darkness overtook me. I had an unsuccessful adventure to find relief. I went, *in my own strength*, all around the circle, until *self* led me to the *same position I tried to start from*. How like this are the unsuccessful and unprofitable wanderings "on the barren mountains of sin," of the unregenerate! They are prodigals in a foreign land, feeding on husks. A great storm will overwhelm them. They are in a "waste, howling wilderness." They will never find their way out, unless they hear the Gospel trumpet, take timely heed, and walk in accordance with

its gracious directions. And, as I found friends, comfort, and joy at home, so will the true believer be welcomed to heavenly mansions, in his Father's house, when his pilgrimage on earth is ended.

After serving for three years with *Mr. Lines* I worked for farmers in *Wanaque* one year longer, making four years in all of my farm life. There is no occupation, of a secular kind, that I like better than that of the farmer. There is not in it so much temptation to dishonesty and prevarication, as in many other occupations. It is healthy, giving good exercise for all the bodily functions, imparts an appetite, affords fresh, wholesome food, and sound sleep at night. It is favorable, also, to a religious life, giving opportunity to see the goodness of God in his works. The whole seasons round, the farmer has before him such unfoldings, in nature, of his Heavenly Father's gracious dealings toward him, as to call forth his gratitude and devout thanksgiving. He sees, or may see, in his growing crops, from year to year, the evidence of the

wise and good designs of the Almighty Sovereign.

On the whole, I am not sorry that I had to work hard while young, that my parents were poor, and that I had not abundant facilities to gratify the carnal mind. I might regret, if it would do any good, that I did not receive a liberal education. That a wise judgment will ever highly prize. Better still would it have been for me had I experienced religion. Though these blessings were denied, yet I have great reason to be thankful that God has so ordered matters. Hard work and wholesome fare developed a good constitution. I never contracted an appetite for strong drink or tobacco. I am glad I never had any ground of expectation of receiving worldly wealth from my parents. Such anticipations might have done me injury, inflating me with arrogance, and leaving me without the proper energy for self-reliance. Children of rich parents sometimes grow up with notions that their revenue is inexhaustible, notwithstanding their prodigality and extravagance. Without economy, however, their means

are soon exhausted, leaving sad cases of sufferers without prudence, industry or enterprise.

Wanaque is a pleasant valley lying between mountains of moderate height, and fertile land. God's part of it is beautiful. When I lived there I admired patches of white cloud, on clear summer days, that would float away, slowly, between the mountains and myself. Fifty years afterward, when an old man, I visited the place, and it was my pleasure to observe the white clouds again. It seemed to me that they came in my view to remind me of the days of my boyhood. Much wickedness prevailed while I lived in the place. It might be said of many places, as well as of this :—

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

On visiting the place half a century afterwards, I found great improvements. The rustic rudeness, in the construction of dwellings, the roads, and everything else, except the face of nature, had given place to the style of modern art.

But, customs and evil habits, to a great extent, are often perpetuated in society. As were the parents, so are the children, in many things. How important, for posterity, that a good example should be set, by those living in the present. Surely, "no man liveth to himself." Our seed-sowing influence will grow a crop, in the future, either for good or evil, that will be reaped not merely in this world but also in the world to come. And it should not be overlooked, that the "common people," who "heard Jesus gladly," are the "bone and sinew" of human society. We should not, therefore, neglect—

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

CHAPTER II.

YOUTHFUL TRAINING.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word."—Psalm
cxix. 9.

YOUTH is an important stage of human life. The beginning, in the molding of moral character, is like laying the foundation of a house, on the firmness of which will depend the solidity of the building,—other things being equal. When the moral thinking is falsely based, and started in a wrong direction, there will be a suffering of loss, if not ruin. The social principle is of vital importance. Mankind are bound together by it while mortal life lasts. If flint and steel could both think and speak, under certain striking social conditions, they would, mutually, congratulate each other for the *brilliant sparks* elicited.

Every career in human life, every act of moral responsibility, is shaping us for immortal destiny. Between the years of seventeen and twenty-one is an auspicious period, looking to vast consequences. Much, through the whole life, is often gauged by that molding period. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is a lesson of Scripture not sufficiently heeded. Early life devoted to God should be thought of, remembered, and obeyed. Young life is like new soil, it should be cared for, cultivated and watched, before it is overgrown with noxious weeds. It is like the morning in spring-time. It is beautiful and lovely in its bloom and fragrance.

"Then all can charm, for all is new."

In early manhood, life is unburdened with care, is full of ambition and hope. The memory is developing and retentive. And the mind and heart are receiving impressions that may fix the moral character. See the plant and flower in their vernal freshness, glittering with the dew of

their youth. Many promises are for the hopeful young. "They that seek me early shall find me." Parents sometimes wish to lay up fortunes for their children, but there is no fortune equal to a real Christian experience and character.

In the spring of the year 1820 I began to realize the need and propriety of some permanent occupation. The time had come for me to leave childish things, and to think of taking care of myself. I loved my surroundings of native woods and valleys, with their brooks and birds ; but I must bid adieu to familiar rural scenes. I determined to learn a trade. To be a printer was my strongest desire, but in this choice I was not to be gratified. My thirst for reading was destined to suffer—

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

I was bound by my father for four years to a "cordwainer," as an apprentice. The lowly trade of shoemaker has been honored by at least two names that will not soon be forgotten, viz. : the metaphysician, *Samuel Drew*, of England; and the

Hon. Roger Sherman, of our own United States. In their case the shoemaker's bench became indeed *the seat* of profound learning and useful culture. During my apprenticeship I contracted no bad habits, as many do. I applied myself to reading, during leisure hours, as much as possible. I made many a shoe while my mind was taken up, almost wholly, with another subject ; never, however, becoming an expert at the business.

Newark, N.J., which now became my home, was always a pleasant place to me, lying within a charmed circle. The day I started for it to make it my future residence I can never forget. It was on the seventeenth day of April, 1820, when I first saw it, after walking about twenty miles, *driving a cow!* It was a pleasant day, and I enjoyed it much. I was dressed in my best, a suit of coarse cloth, and my homespun clothes tied up in a cotton handkerchief. Newark, then, was a country town, with few foreign-born inhabitants, and no stores open on the Sabbath day for the sale of groceries and merchandise. Travel by steam, human

speech by lightning, limning by sunlight, were things then unknown. Nor had the telephone warbled its echoing song to distant multitudes gathered at its bidding,

“Over the hills and far away.”

I had a number of reasons for being pleased with Newark, and one was, the religious privileges furnished. Although I felt myself to be a wicked sinner, I had a secret under-tone of thought that I would become good some day. I heard *Rev. Joseph Lybrand* preach in “*Wesley Chapel*,” Halsey street. He was a man of wonderful power in the pulpit, and the first Methodist preacher I ever heard. Trembling conviction, on account of sin, seized me at once. I was deeply wrought upon. On Monday morning, after my fellow-apprentice had left the bedroom where we slept, I staid behind with the intention of beginning a new life, by praying to God to have mercy on me. I kneeled down with my face toward the window. I had not been long on my knees before I realized a

pleasant state of mind, as though God had answered my prayer. I felt relieved of oppressive heaviness of heart. I was near the blessing, I thought ; and as I looked out of the window on an open field of snow I fancied it was beautiful. The snow was crusted over, and its glazed surface glittered in the morning sun. White and pure, it inspired thoughts of God and his purity. It feasted my imagination, at least, while my heart was praying. While in this situation, the eldest apprentice, suspecting my seriousness, entered the room, and caught me up and carried me into the shop, exclaiming, " See here, in this posture I caught him praying to his God, brethren !" at the same time using some profane words, and laughing, in which they all joined. The persecution that followed drove me in the wrong way. Similar cases, no doubt, there have been to discourage young people, and they have been hindered. I would not forget to mention the fact, that the apprentice who thus treated me subsequently became deeply pious himself.

Some time after this incident, I was induced to attend a prayer-meeting, for the first time,

held in a private dwelling in Market street. My mind was again aroused to the importance of being right with God. The meeting was held in the second story, and was led by a Methodist by the name of *George Shannon*. An upper and under-door opened into the hall. I entered the room, which was crowded ; boards were laid across chairs for seats. A hymn was sung, and all kneeled in prayer but myself. I felt ashamed to be the only one not willing to humble myself. The next prayer found me also on my knees. The Spirit touched my heart immediately. O, how I felt the need of religion ! After the meeting was dismissed, a man by the name of *Theodore Walker* took me by the hand, and spoke kind words to me. He was impressive in his manner, telling me not to stifle my convictions. Leaning over the under-door, he bade me good-night, with a tender and kindly look I can never forget. How often I have thought of that Sabbath evening !

As I turned from my friend, in going home, my imagination was active. It was snowing, and the large flakes, falling softly and slowly

through the dusky air, laid themselves quietly on the walk like a white carpet. How much the state of the mind and heart has to do in giving impressions of outward appearances ! The landscape, from an eminence, on a bright May morning, looks more cheering and inspiring to an agriculturist, poet or artist, than to a condemned criminal awaiting his execution. The mind makes its own world. It would be impossible for even God to make a blissful, happy paradise for ungodly beings. The *moral state* must be adapted to the *place*. Had I believed in Christ, "with a heart unto righteousness," I might have been saved from that hour, and avoided unnecessary suffering.

About this time "Young's Night Thoughts" arrested my attention, and gave me pleasure and profit. I had heard my father highly recommend the work, and therefore took more interest in the reading of it.

I was delighted in listening to eloquent speakers, and among the most remarkable preachers I ever heard was *Rev. John Summerfield*. This was in 1822 ; I heard him twice. I

cannot describe him. His eloquence was beyond criticism. He was not at all eccentric. His person was of slender-build and medium height. His form was handsome, though delicate in appearance. His well-shaped head was large, with hair slightly curling. His mouth was also large. His eyes were full and blue. All his features were in his favor as an orator. His gestures were natural and graceful ; they manifested his sincerity and earnestness. His voice was not of great compass, yet distinctly heard. It had heart-touching tones. His language flowed from him in a spontaneous stream. The late *Bishop Fanes* sometimes reminded me of Summerfield, in his tender and pathetic moods. Summerfield was a genuine Christian and a model preacher of the Gospel. He had been soundly converted and had the witness of the Spirit to his adoption. He was consecrated to God, and enjoyed fulness of salvation. His experience in divine things was extensive. He had passed through an ordeal of uncommon suffering. He had, like the great Master, "learned obedience by the things that he

suffered." By *the law*, he knew sin's "exceeding sinfulness." He was not ignorant of Satan's devices. He knew the blessed Christ, and hence his extraordinary influence over his hearers. While nature had done much for him, so that his talents would have been acknowledged anywhere, grace had abounded to make him such an eminent minister. There was about him a joyous solemnity that could not be accounted for on any other principle than *great grace*. He had the gift of power, and gave me impressions never to be effaced.

Musing on the sainted Summerfield, I wrote the following stanzas :—

SUMMERFIELD.

I heard but twice the famous Summerfield,
The young, the gifted, lovely, noble, brave !
His genius was the best of nature's yield,
His strength was given by "The Strong to Save."
O'er him Love's banner did triumphant wave ;
His solemn features did,—portentous,—say,
"I am not long to be this side the grave,
Short here will be my missionary stay—
My work is for reward, at Heaven's crowning day."

He went, a flaming herald, through the land ;
And God was with him, wheresoe'er he went,
Discharging faithfully his Lord's command,
To tens of thousands on the continent ;
For this great purpose was this herald sent,
His implements were skilfully applied,
His bow was strained, by keeping too much bent,
His sword cut through its sheath—fell at his side ;
The young, bold martyr fell, he in the harness died !

The impressions I received from Summerfield never entirely left me. They were like bread cast upon the waters.

I contracted a taste for theatrical amusements, and heard some of the chief actors ; but I was not satisfied long with the self-exalting eloquence of the stage. I wearied of empty display that seemed aimless and vain. I took more satisfaction in reading Shakespeare. The influence that the *theater* exerts upon minds that love its attractions, is “only evil, and that continually.” It spoils the taste for “things of good report,” begets a spirit of discontent, uproots what grace plants in the soul, corrupts the heart, and fills the imagination with things “that war against the soul.” The votaries of the theater

cannot, in the course of conduct they choose to follow, be led or comforted by the Spirit of God.

While an apprentice I read much, but not of a religious character. I broke away from spiritual restraints, and became *skeptical*. My unbelief took the form of *Deism*. I do not deem it wise or prudent to set forth in detail the process by which I became tainted with infidelity; for the carnal mind will be influenced more by sophistry than by truth on the subject of theology. Often my *conscience* sided with Bible truth when my *heart* would rebel against it. My companions led me on along the downward road until I became almost reckless of consequences. I did not believe the Bible to be inspired, and that Christ was the Son of God. I never intended to be a deist at first. Depraved nature, and Satanic influence, gave me the qualifying *ignorance of infidelity*. What I did to make me a deist "I did ignorantly, in unbelief." Some inconsistent Christian professors, and bad-hearted unbelievers, with pernicious publications that I read, kept me active, and the confession of my skeptical doubts was meant for an apology, until

I was branded as an infidel. Then my skeptical friends engaged me to address public meetings on the subject. I have often been asked, “if I were not as *sincere* in my *doubting state of mind* while I was a skeptic, as I have been since I have become a Christian?” This question is hard to answer satisfactorily. If a blind man should be asked if he could see he would, in honesty, say *no!* If he were restored to sight, he would answer accordingly. Some people say they see when they do not. Are they then hypocrites, or self-deceived? I believe that I was not more of an infidel than many who smother their thoughts, or keep from openly acknowledging them, for fear of its having a damaging effect upon them. There is no confirmation in infidelity, as there *is* in Christianity—the first has no truth or goodness in it, the latter has no falsehood or evil in it. The Christian *knows* where he stands. The infidel does *not* know his position. Nothing can ever satisfy the longings of the soul but the Lord Jesus Christ, by faith.

The death of my father, awhile before I had arrived at the age of maturity, affected me se-

verely. I had not anticipated such an event, and was unprepared for it. My sorrow over the loss was more than words can express. I mourned inwardly, with a sadness bordering on despair. I had no consolation from a religious faith. I looked on my poor mother, now a widow in bereavement, with a sympathy unknown before. In bitter anguish I lamented the departure that had desolated her home. And my brothers and only sister were orphans in a cold, unfriendly world.

When *Lafayette*, the friend of liberty, passed through Newark during his visit to the United States, I saw him and shook hands with him. His memory was cherished as a true patriot and well-wisher toward all men. But he was much beloved, especially by our country, for his magnanimity toward us in our struggle for independence, when help was needed. The patriotic citizens of Newark determined to show him that respect which was due to him. They erected a "*Temple of Liberty*" on the military park, near where the Episcopal church stands. It was composed of thirteen pillars, representing the

thirteen original States. Around these pillars evergreen branches were fastened. In the center of the temple, was the identical chair occupied by *John Hancock*, at the signing of the "Declaration of American Independence." This chair of renown was for the reception of the nation's guest, Lafayette. He received the deserved honor with characteristic modesty. Just as he was entering the "Temple of Liberty" prepared for him, the select committee that conducted the exercises struck up and began to sing the inappropriate song :

"Will you come to the bower,
All shaded for you?
Your bed shall be roses,
Bespangled with dew."

The members of the committee are now, no doubt, all dead ; for if living, this notice of the matter would be out of place, as the song they sung was. What could our great friend Lafayette want of "*a bed of roses wet with dew*"—or anybody else? The Marquis was a fine-looking man, I judged not ambitious of pompous parade. He limped, from a wound he received in

the battle of "Brandywine." His lameness was a memorial of his friendship for this country during the eventful days of the "Revolution."

In the winter of the year 1825 I was married. My companion was inclined to be religious and truly honest; I was not sorry for it. I did not, in reality, want *a skeptical wife!* I wonder who does? I secretly wished that I was a genuine Christian. I would not have acknowledged this at the time. I did not use my influence to make my wife doubt the Bible or to hate Christians; and yet, when *Rev. John Newland Maffitt* came to help in a revival in the Methodist church in Halsey street, and my wife wanted to hear him, I tried to persuade her not to go. But she went, and I went with her, to keep her, if I could, from being over-persuaded by Maffitt. I had a dislike toward him, thinking his eloquence carried people away into fanaticism. I heard him, and was powerfully wrought upon. Many sinners were at the altar to be prayed for that night. But my wife did not go forward, and I was glad. I subsequently became intimately acquainted with Mr. Maffitt.

He was peculiar. He was very lively at times, and then would be very much depressed. He was a genius and an orator who had few equals. At times he wielded tremendous power in the pulpit. He had his faults. Who has not? He also had his virtues.

Infidels become such by resisting the Spirit of God. I think the most of them have had, during some period of their lives, convictions of sin, by the striving of the Spirit, and they, in disobedience "to the heavenly vision," have hardened their hearts. Being ignorant of God, they charge Christians with hypocrisy. All truth is against them. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and their foolish hearts were darkened." They become "vain in their imaginations." Unbelief is in accord with the natural state of the heart, notwithstanding that "a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." The mere belief that there *is* a God, although in accordance with sound reason, does not originate with human reason. It is the effect of God's own Spirit that operates on all; and yet this faith that acknowl-

edges the existence of the Deity, is not at all saving. The deist is as far from salvation as the atheist. We apprehend and appreciate the evidence of the Divine Being, "in his eternal power and Godhead," only by the direct aid of the Holy Spirit. Such evidence is not apprehended by mere natural reason, and therefore no true ideas of God's attributes can be entertained aside from revelation. This is important to consider, to avoid radical error on the subject. Some imagine that they can *lift up* their intellect to the Most High! As well might we suppose that our bodily eye-sight might be *pushed up* to the sun, to be filled with his light, and not wait for its descent.

There are, indeed, marks of contrivance and design, that God has left on all His works, discernible by rational creatures, but it is not by the light of nature wholly; for those without the Bible believe that there are "lords many, and gods many." The Christian apprehends marks of grand design in all he sees about him; in magnitude, variety and adaptation of parts to purposes; but, it is not through the medium of

his own nature that he has this knowledge. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." "Because that which may be known of God is manifested in them, for God hath shewed it unto them." It is within the grace-provided zone of the Spirit's operations that God communicates the knowledge of Himself.

There are four things that it is unprofitable "to speculate on," viz : *First*, an effort of the mind to reach and explore the region of nonentity. *Second*, to try to comprehend the unbounded immensity of space There are no bounds to universal being. *Third*, the unknowable beginning of duration. *Fourth*, the endless *end* of it in the everlasting onward ! We err when we attempt to comprehend the incomprehensible ; and also, when we refuse to believe what we cannot comprehend. If we could comprehend all things, there would be no God for us to worship or to glorify.

But redeemed man stands within nature's vast cathedral. It is richly carpeted with living verdure. It is furnished with the needed sup-

plies for the wants of probation. The green earth with its zones and varied climes is beautiful, beneath the high, o'er-arching dome, of jeweled azure. This order of things furnishes right thinkers with proof of One above us, who thinks, who has goodness, wisdom, power, and skill —the Almighty Architect Divine! A Book unlike all other books, lies open before the eyes of the candid reader. It contains an account of the Creator's handy-work. A central sun is in mid-heaven to illuminate the scene, shining on the mind that reads, and on The Book. This wonderful Book, to the spiritual reader, is confirmed as a Revelation from God. Nature, the Bible, and the Holy Ghost, give us their combined evidence concerning Divine things; and we have no authority to ignore either one of them, or to separate what God has joined together.

True Christians can say, "Here we take our stand on this field of observation—the beautified, useful, rolling globe! They stand amid a glowing universe of suns and systems, and unmeasured, far-off skies, inviting the human intellect

to a survey of its Maker's works!" But all that we can learn of God, from his creative energy, will not save us. His will is known in reading His word, by the light of His Holy Spirit; and this we receive by believing in Jesus Christ his Son. Rejecting Him, we disqualify ourselves to judge of spiritual truth. The love of truth which the Spirit of God will inspire, in all who will yield to His influence, will lead to Christ. He is called the "Spirit of Truth," which the world cannot receive. He is God himself, and when we give Him welcome to our hearts, we partake of the Divine nature. Through this light and life we know the true God, and are saved. The Holy Ghost makes it possible for all to know the only true God, in Christ; for He strives with all men. The blind may see, the deaf hear, and the dead live. Christ has made it possible for all to be saved; and yet, "he that believeth not shall be damned." Are not the laws of eternal truth irreversible?

CHAPTER III.

BAD TENDENCIES OF NATURE AND SELF.—GOOD CONVICTIONS FROM GRACE AND TRUTH.

“Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.”—Hosea xiii. 9.

MAN’s natural inclinations turn away from God. True faith does not rest on opinions, for it has Christ for its “author and finisher.” Opinions are like the changing views seen in the kaleidoscope, varying at every turn. Faith is a principle of grace, wrought in the willing heart by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Faith is, therefore, “of the operation of God,” and “works by love, purifying the heart.” Opinions respecting spiritual matters firmly held while we are in an unregenerate state, are wrong. Whoever will not change his opinions on any account is a fool. The very best opinions will not save those that entertain them.

The Bible does not teach opinions, but truth, and eternal principles. Its teaching is infallible, and is rejected at imminent peril. We have in the Sacred Scriptures authoritative instruction in the saving way. But the Bible is not rightly understood by the carnal mind. That is “not subject to God’s law, neither indeed can be.” Had man been consulted, concerning the kind of revelation he should receive from God, the world would never have received *such a Bible as we now have*. The true faith, which is “of the operation of God,” is the only condition of our conversion. Without it “it is impossible to please God.” Faith, to be genuine must, like a telescope, sweep the whole hemisphere of revelation from horizon to horizon. To treat any portion of the Scriptures with unbelief will forbid the exercise of saving faith. The separating of faith from *love, purity, and works*, is misleading. Faith is at the foundation of all that is praise-worthy in the Christian character. They that say they believe, and have not love, nor purity, nor good works, do greatly err. All the fruits of the Spirit are the production of a liv-

ing faith. There is no prayer that is effectual, no growth in grace, without faith. Christ is followed by faith. And all Christian testimony that is acceptable to God is given by faith. The true faith, though "chosen of God, and precious," is "disallowed of men." It is the essential element in the salvation of the gospel of Christ.

It is a great and damaging error, to suppose that there is more than one faith that saves. We hear such expressions as these: "The Presbyterian faith, the Baptist faith, the Methodist faith." Now, there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. All ideas of faith, that do not apprehend it to be, "the gift of God," through grace, are visionary and carnal, and calculated to deceive.

How important it is, that young converts should be started right! God's part of our salvation is always the same, because it is perfect. Ours must be the effect of looking to Christ, and doing whatsoever He commands us. Our part will undoubtedly be defective. What God works in us is *experience*. In this loving and

purifying experience all Christians agree and have no controversy. In our opinions, which are our own, there is no harmony, and we all differ, and have unnecessary strife at times.

The strongest *delusion* that can beset the human mind, is the trusting in some fancied goodness, out of Christ, for salvation. Think of a guilty, corrupt and perishing man, making a character out of his merits, in which to appear before God at the judgment ! See a man arming himself with implements of pointed steel to meet the frowning cloud, surcharged with lightning, and you have an illustration of coming to God with a righteousness that does not "exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees." How blinding is selfishness when God is not in all our thoughts ! Skepticism and hypocrisy are two branches of the same barren tree, springing from the root of moral depravity. They are manifestations of unbelief, or, of "believing a lie." They are truth-resisting, God-defying, methods of Satan, to destroy the souls of men, "for whom Christ died."

An incident occurred, about four years after

my marriage, that may illustrate my desire then to do good, in a self-righteous way. I was striving to do well in worldly matters, working industriously, using every means, wishing to possess a home, and plenty. I had an industrious and prudent wife, and I was honest in all matters of "dollars and cents." I was trying to be good, by following "*Seneca*," in his moral teaching. I took him as my standard. I was severe on derelict Christian professors. One evening, a little way from my house, across the street, I heard the cry of children, from a barn, that had just received the fall crop of hay. I went near the barn, and the mother told the children to "hush." I said to her, "My good woman, have you been sent here to spend the night, with your two children?" She replied, "yes," in a weeping voice. I said, "Be patient a little while: I will bring my wife here, and we will give you a better sleeping-place than this." We did so, and the woman was comfortable in our dwelling. After breakfast, the next morning, she said her husband was a drunkard, and she had been sent to the poor-master for aid; and

hence her circumstances. On leaving, she said, "How kind you have been to me—surely, you love Jesus, don't you?" I replied, "*no!*" She directly kneeled down, where she stood, and prayed most fervently for my wife and myself. She brought Christ so powerfully near to my conscience that I was, at the time, unable to resist. It was a little singular, that in doing a kind act toward a fellow-being Christ met me!

During the delivery of my last harangue against religion in a public way, the Spirit of God arrested me, rendering it impossible for me to continue on that line. Good and bad characters, with the chief causes, were made to pass in review before my mind with vivid distinctness. My imagination beheld the traits of Christian character in contrast with those of the skeptic, in such manifest truthfulness, that I believed it to be enlightenment from God. My own sinfulness and present wicked conduct appeared in the kind of approval I met with from acknowledged bad men, who applauded me. Good men were not of my audience. I deem it not in accord with good judgment, to rehearse

the sentiments contained in my address. I resolved, while speaking, never to be so occupied again. I walked home with impressions such as were new to me. Reaching home, I wished to be alone and went into my bed-room. I took up the Bible, and trembled ! I glanced rapidly over its pages, and felt "guilty before God." I knew not what to do. I felt myself weak. I wished some of those Christians I had ridiculed and persecuted would now come to my assistance. There was so much in the Bible that I could not comprehend. How could I find saving truth and know when I had found it? I had offended God, and how could I "be at peace with Him—and He with me?" were agitating questions. I was afraid I might die before finding salvation. I was sick of self and of my misdoings. The *name* of JESUS began to make new and deep impressions on my mind. I trembled at its sound as I pronounced it ! It was not like any other name. I recited a number of great names and wondered why they did not affect me like the name of JESUS ! It was indeed to me as it should be to all, "a name

above every name !” It seemed to possess *conscious agency* and looked at me all the while. I could not dismiss it from my thoughts for the time being. This was the great and precious name I had so much disregarded and spoken against. I think it was the Holy Spirit that brought the truth to bear so powerfully upon my conscience.

A book fell into my hands about this time, that I read with profit. The author of the book was *Dr. Bonnet*, of Switzerland. He was a very learned man, and *Voltaire* had written to him, desiring him to aid him in overthrowing Christianity ; but *Bonnet* was himself a *Christian*, and wrote the book because of *Voltaire's* evil purpose in requesting him to help in his propagation of infidelity. The book treats of the “*Christian evidences*.” I read the chapter on the resurrection of Christ. From reading and thinking on that grand event, the great, *fundamental fact*, so essential to the Christian faith, I assented to it. If Christ had not risen from the dead, His dead body, which His enemies had in possession, would have been publicly exhibited ; and

this would most assuredly have crushed out His religion—the very thing that His enemies endeavored to do. He was in their hands—why did they not expose Him? There is no way to account for the lack of this, but that there was no dead body to exhibit, for He *was “risen from the dead!”* This truth came to my mind, and I feared greatly, for He would come again.

If Christ is not risen from the dead, what must be thought of the report that was made of Him eighteen hundred years ago? This report is associated with divine things—with the faith that saves from sin. When it is rejected the heart is manifestly under the sway of depravity and Satan. It is believed by the best minds, and purest characters on earth. Could it be possible that a false report of so wonderful an event could be productive, through the ages, of so much good to millions of its believers? God hates *a lie*; and is opposed to the makers and believers and lovers of a lie. He changes into His own image, hearts that sincerely believe and trust in *the living Christ*. I concluded that “these things were so;” and that Jesus Christ

would come on earth the “second time.” I was not prepared to meet Him, and I became greatly alarmed. Despair began to throw its awful shadows around me, and I was greatly depressed. Many good people shunned me, and I interpreted it as God’s righteous dealings. I looked at Bible truths as of infinite importance. One man said to me that I, as an infidel, ought not to have the right of citizenship in our happy land. I asked him, “Are you a Christian?” He answered, “Yes.” I asked him again, “Do you commit sin?” He said, “Yes, every day and hour and minute.” Then, I replied, “We are both sinners; but you are the worst. I never cheat; but you, in trading horses with your neighbor *cheated him out of thirty dollars, and boasted of it.* And now, you come to abuse me, because I am not a Christian!” He left me, saying he believed I was a dangerous man.

I had a visit, from a *real* Christian, by the name of *Edmund Heap*. He would not argue with me, but wished to read to me from the Bible, and pray. I knew he *felt for me*; and left good impressions. I visited *John Helm*; and he

wished me to stay and take dinner with him. He purposely avoided all arguments with me ; but, showed a spirit of Christian kindness that affected me seriously. His asking a blessing at the dinner-table nearly overcame me. I looked at myself as a heathen for living as I did. Christianity began to greatly eclipse Infidelity, in my estimation.

Intoxicating drinks have never had a strong hold on me, my appetite has never craved them. I have always disliked all forms of inebriety. Nevertheless, I felt the influence of bad associations, and was involved, somewhat, in the meshes of intemperance. Many of my associates were addicted to the glass, and I with them, from the force of example, drank beer, cider, wine, and brandy, occasionally. As my friends would treat me I was bound to treat them in turn, or be considered mean. I hated the custom, yet was a slave to it. Many times I left my company abruptly and went home. I began to give the matter serious thought. It was advertised that a lecture on Temperance would be delivered in the *Third*

Presbyterian Church, on a certain evening. I attended, although on a stormy night, and heard a minister give a common-sense address, showing the every-day evils connected with the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. He convinced me that there could be no neutral ground between temperance and intemperance. We do lend our influence to either one side or the other—that the *safety-position* is, in *total abstinence*. I signed my name the next morning, to the “Cold-water-pledge;” and I used it as a shield of argument, to defend me from my friends of the moderate-drinking class. I joined myself to the Temperance party, and received gladly the reproach that was heaped upon it by its enemies. I was called a weak man, and was pitied by strong men. “I guess his wife has an influence over him, and caused him to sign away his habits!” some said. There are in my memory, at least, five persons, who used strong persuasions for me to break my pledge, that *now are sleeping in drunkards’ graves!* My pledge has never yet been broken, and I have no regrets to offer for signing it. I

believe God approved of it, as the sequel will show.

I will say here that I am persuaded that Temperance is certainly included in the blessed cause of Christ. It is a comforting thought to me, that I have been honored of God in leading some to forsake their cups, and live temperate lives. And such, in many cases, became useful and happy Christians—good husbands and worthy citizens.

One poor, drunken fellow, fat and heavy, on a rainy night, I helped home from the gutter on a *wheel-barrow*, laughed at by the heedless. He was prayed with and for, and directed to look to Jesus. He was saved, after struggles and labor that God owned. Years afterward, when I had become a Christian minister, it was my lot to preach in the city where the reformed inebriate lived. I had not heard of his reformation. Judge of my emotions, when I saw among the officers of the Church, taking the basket collection, *my old, heavy friend*, who reminded me of *the wheel-barrow ride, on a dark, stormy night!* He had, for some years, been a living, useful

member and officer in the Church. He died in Christian triumph. Will his friends be sorry that they bestowed labor on him, when they shall see him arrayed in robes of white, at the great crowning day?

The great Dagon of intemperance will never be brought down, until it falls before the ark of God. The temple of Bacchus rests on four pillars. They must be knocked from under, before it falls. The four sources of evil that support intemperance, and from which it flows, are : *First* :—The self-created appetite for intoxicating liquors. Such appetite is not natural, but acquired. Aside from this abnormal longing there could be no intemperate drinking, no drunkenness. *Second* :—The love for unrighteous gain that leads depraved ones to cater to this perverted appetite. If this unrighteous principle did not actuate the liquor-dealer, then intemperance would not be sustained and nourished as it is ; it would die. *Third* :—The “License Law.” This law is the evil, legalized means resorted to by votaries of the other two evil principles, to sustain themselves, in their

course of degradation and abominable traffic. This most unjust law is originated and supported for the most vile purposes. *Fourth* :—The indifference of the sober portion of the community. Some think that such indifference can be indulged by *Christians*. How heartless, humiliating, and hurtful such supine indifference ! How derogatory to the well-being of society, damaging and dangerous, such License Law. How craven, sordid and selfish. How soul-hurting such covetous love of gain, to engage in liquor-selling for money-making, and at the expense of immortality ! And, O, how appalling the appetite created by intemperance, to swallow wealth, health, reputation, domestic happiness, and the hope of Heaven ! For what ? A poisonous drug, that ruins man for both worlds !

My temperance principles becoming more known, had the effect of alienating old associates, and drawing me into better fellowship. I was brought into more favorable contact with Christians, feeling their influence more and more. I realized their superiority, in every

sense, over my skeptical, and drinking friends. They had better characters, and better sense. "A man is known by the company he keeps." The minds of bad men are a dangerous atmosphere to breathe in.

The temperance cause is the cause of God and has been damaged by endeavoring to promote it in an ungodly manner. It has been hindered by associating it with sinful amusements, and exercises that turn the heart away from God, and cause it to do "despite to the Spirit of Grace ;" and to despise Bible-instruction. Then, again, it has been injured by good men in their honest strife to promote it. Harsh means have been resorted to, which have been taken for a vindictive spirit. The buyers and sellers of intoxicating drinks have been treated with too much severity, and been hardened in their sinful business. True reformation is worked by Gospel means, and no other. Christianity embraces all the power and agencies, to complete the moral and spiritual character of man. A resort to any means outside the Church must, ultimately, prove a failure. "Without

Christ," in this matter, "we can do nothing." Faith in God, and a loving spirit, wisely co-working, are the elements that promise success in the cause of temperance. "Good will toward men," in genuine "Christianity in earnest," to "rescue the perishing," will succeed.

"Total abstinence," from all that intoxicates, is temperance, and nothing less deserves the name. This I pledged myself to adhere to, and have lived up to it. It had no doubt a tendency to lead me to Christ; although I was unconscious of it; or, was it not *Christ himself*, leading me through this medium? I heard preaching and read books on the line of gospel-teaching. Ladies connected with the Presbyterian Church left me tracts to read, and I read them with profit. But I was gloomy beyond description. I mourned inwardly, and gave myself to melancholy—visited, sometimes, the ancient "grave-yard," on moonlight-evenings, sitting on the tombstones, alone, thinking on the transitoriness of human life, and what would be my final destination! On such occasions I would

compose verses and, sometimes I would have them printed in the newspapers.

One piece, with a little alteration, is here given.

O, Death ! could we poor mortals know
 The visions, in thy slumbers deep,
We might not fear with thee to go,
 Alone in thy cold couch to sleep;
For is there not some friendly home
 Where weary ones at peace may dwell,
Far brighter than this earth we roam ?
 Then why not, gladly, bid farewell
To scenes of morbid toil and care,
 And be contented ever, there ?

This effusion gives some faint idea of the despondency of my mind. My mental sufferings were such that they preyed upon my health. I often wished that I never had been born.

On the evening of January 8th, 1833, in the M. E. Church, Halsey street, I heard a sermon that was brought by the Spirit with power to my heart. I had walked alone to the church, in deep meditation. I wondered if ever I would be a Christian ! As I entered the house, I saw in the pulpit *Rev. Charles Pitman*. I had written a piece to be published in a New York news-

paper, severely criticising him, but it never appeared ; in a measure my prejudice was gone, and I was glad he was to preach that evening. I took my seat near the pulpit and was an attentive hearer of the word. The text was, "Beginning at Jerusalem," Luke xxiv. 47. The preacher descanted on the subject contained in the text in a manner that brought conviction to my conscience. He proved two things from his text : 1st. That the gospel must be true, because, in Jerusalem, the scenes transpired as *facts* on which the gospel rests, viz. : the crucifixion of Christ, and *His* resurrection. If these facts could have been refuted, they would have been, for the Jews had the disposition, but they lacked the ability. 2d. That Jerusalem was the place to show the extent of the gospel mercy, even to Christ's own crucifiers. I prayed that my Creator might convince me, if what the preacher said was the truth. I began to perspire profusely, and to tremble in a manner noted by many in the congregation. My trembling was irresistible. It was the result of the power of God in answer to prayer ; I was sure of it at

the time, and should have surrendered myself to God at once, but I left the house before the sermon was ended, and wandered off alone in an orchard beyond the city limits. I felt a disposition to pray, but did not kneel down, for a dread of something, I knew not what. The sky was clear, save a few fast-flying clouds, that cast their shadows on the ground, partly covered with patches of snow-drifts. I think Satanic power was exerted on me to keep me from praying. I feared that I might fall into a trance and freeze to death. I did not arrive home until a late hour, and retired to bed without prayer, after having been so impressed at the church that I had no more doubt that God had wrought on my mind, than I could have of my own being. I then believed in the divinely inspired truth of the Bible and all its teachings, and remained unconverted, notwithstanding.

A fear possessed me that I might have found pardon and peace if I had yielded before; but now it was *too late*, and that God was making an example of me for the good of others. I took the part of Christianity against skepticism in

conversation, and those who learned my convictions from time to time, took me to be a Christian. A good man visited and conversed with me on the subject of religion, and I wept bitterly as he showed an interest in my case. He said: "I believe you are a converted man. You have had a change of heart. See how you weep—you ought to join the Church." Now this was all in sincerity and with good intentions. But I told him that I was not converted, although I was no more an infidel. Moreover, I did not pray and was disobedient. Why I was not willing to give myself to be converted then, I cannot explain. To force the bud to bloom, or fruit to ripen, may have a tendency to spoil it.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES.

"For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm xxx. 5.

CREEDS have been formulated by profound thinkers. Haters of creeds are sometimes bigots themselves. Creeds held by orthodox denominations are evidences that able minds have been divinely influenced in formulating them. Because of age they should not be denounced as being misleading "*ruts*." A road through a wilderness is evidence that persons have thought it best to travel there. Is it wise or safe for us always to plan and walk in *our own way*, lightly esteeming others?

When any system of theology, claiming to be of God, requires its votaries to discredit the

evangelical Churches, such system is radically wrong, and never instrumental in bringing sinners to Christ. Any system which does not bring its followers into a regenerated state fails to come up to Christian requirements.

Truth, saving in its power, is revealed. It is not discoverable by reason. The written Word is made spirit and life by the inward testimony of the Holy Ghost. The mind of Christ in the believer gives him capacity to read aright the written Word, and understand its spiritual meaning. "Old ruts," so called, are quite likely paths in which truth has often led believers. If people become better by traveling in them, we should inquire what is the leading doctrine of their belief; for good effects flow from good causes. While learning is good, the pride of conscious education is to be deplored. The learned must believe the same truths that are used in the salvation of the ignorant. "The common people heard Jesus gladly," and so it is still. There is an error to which we are liable, *i. e.*, that the unconverted world will approve what is true and good in the preaching;

and that filling the pews by the preacher is always evidence of being true to God.

Some are prone to teach, that *punishment* among the after-death realities should never be an element in the *motives* of a seeker of Christ—that salvation is to be sought and chosen as a great good, very easy to be received—that it is a *selfish motive* to seek saving mercy in a way that has “fear and trembling” in it.

I passed through indescribable mental suffering for more than five months after being thoroughly convinced “of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come.” “The wrath of God” rested upon me. I believed then, and do yet, that an awful and eternal hell awaits the finally impenitent. I feared “Him that can cast both soul and body into hell.” I dreaded that “eternal damnation” which the blessed Christ speaks of. Now, how could I help being sorely oppressed in this manner? It was the Word of God that wrought this “godly sorrow” in me. No penitent sinner has a choice in the manner of his repentance. The grace of repentance is the gift of God, and the Holy Spirit guides by present-

ing to our minds things of hope and fear, until we realize a "godly sorrow working a repentance not to be repented of." Some people seem to think that they can select portions of the Bible, put their own construction upon them, fling away the rest, and manage their own motives in coming to God, regardless of what is pleasing to Him, and find blessings according to their own notion without consulting divine authority. In my extreme suffering I learned important lessons that could not be learned in any other school. "By the law is the knowledge of sin;" and without knowing sin "in its exceeding sinfulness," as measured by the law, there is no perfect knowledge of salvation. *Rev. Dr. Pitman* once remarked to me, that it was his opinion "if repentance was not experienced deeply, before conversion, it would be realized more bitterly after being born again, by all who would grow in grace."

I had left off working at my trade, and was teaching a little school, giving myself much to reading and reflection. The previous year had been marked with sadness in Newark by the

cholera, which had carried off many of my acquaintances, and a number unprepared. Believing the Bible to be the infallible truth of God, and not misleading in its teaching, I dreaded death and the endless punishment of the wicked. I thought of the merciful opportunities I had abused, the many preachers I had heard in "old Halsey Street Church," such as Revs. Thatcher, Martindale, Kennaday, Crammer, Porter, Atwood, Matthias and Maffitt.

I had often said, "I did not want my wife converted, nor ever to become a Methodist," and would never allow her to go to camp-meetings. My memory was busy with the past, bringing up my imprudent conduct, and no comfort could be found in anything. All creation seemed gloomy. Sadness was depicted everywhere. The sunlight had the fever; and the blossoms and flowers wore a tinge of melancholy. The sun seemed out of place, and sometimes too large, and then too small—the moon and stars by night ceased to give me pleasure. I wanted to love something, but knew not what, nor how. My state of mind was indescrib-

able. All this was the result of not being reconciled to God.

“ Shall he whose birth, maturity and age
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend ?
Or shall frail man Heaven’s dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumbered worlds and ages without end ?”

How much I was at fault for my sadness I know not. It became useful to me to help others.

I lived in the seventh chapter of Romans nearly five months, and was reduced to a skeleton both in body and soul. I hated sin, but was under its bondage. “ For I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came sin revived and I died. And the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. For sin, taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me.” “ For I delight in the law of God

after the inward man ; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? ” This state of mind described by the great apostle was my condition. Some take it to be a high state of religious experience toward which we should aspire. Had I not found deliverance from it in Christ, as Paul did, my life would have terminated. Yet there was a purpose in it for the glory of God, and my spiritual good. To realize the need of Christ in sin’s exceeding sinfulness, is laying a good foundation for a Christian life. If we could be saved without the knowledge of sin, we would not love so much, nor be so thankful.

A Camp-meeting being in progress, about two miles and a half from my residence, on the outskirts of Newark, I concluded, through the persuasion of my wife, to attend. On June 25th, 1833, dismissing my school for the remainder of the week, I went to the Camp-meeting. It was a beautiful day. The blue sky and yellow sun-

shine, the green grass and leafy trees, the singing birds and fragrant flowers, all proclaimed gladness amid the loveliness of landscape scenery. But I was sad and sorrowful. I tried to think of the goodness of God in my lonely meditations along the way. I thought I would be willing to do anything if I could only be reconciled to God. When I arrived at the camp I felt prejudice against the manner of worship, the devout ones kneeling and praying so fervently, and praising God so joyfully. It was so beyond all my experience. And it was hard to believe the happy worshipers were sincere. Mental pride was a great barrier. It was mortifying to kneel down before the multitude, "humbling myself under the mighty hand of God." "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Standing at the door of a public tent, in which was erected a "mourner's bench" for penitents, I was suddenly surprised by a stout arm around my neck, and earnest words, importuning me to seek salvation. It was my next-door neighbor, a warm-hearted Methodist, who knew that I was serious. He entreated me to

go into the tent, and be prayed for. I yielded to his words, tears and physical force. He was determined to have me saved. He said, "John, I know you feel sad,—I have watched you for some time, and the devil is busy with you, and will determine to have you if possible. Come with me into the tent, and we will pray for you." And he gave me a "*strong pull*" to start with. I yielded, glad that he urged me so violently, for I feared the Methodists would lack confidence in me, for what I had written about them in the papers — especially against *Rev. J. L. Gilder*, for being so young, he having preached in the *Franklin Street M. E. Church*, in a late revival. But they were glad to see me on my knees for prayer. While in that attitude, I was tempted with thoughts more wicked than usual. I could not pray, and was mortified. I had often tried to make sport of the Methodists, and now they were praying for me. All the opposition I had manifested came into my memory, with every foolish utterance. But the brethren prayed earnestly for the *poor blinded infidel*, that he might find Christ.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached that helped me in a measure. At night, *Rev. G. G. Cookman* preached, with great power. This sermon encouraged and strengthened me to persevere. O, how I desired to be like the bold preacher! I went home with strange feelings, oscillating between hope and fear. The next morning my wife urged me to go again, and for her sake I went. I was so hard a sinner, I wondered why it was, that I did not find saving mercy sooner. It was because I did not pray myself, but relied on the prayers of friends.

On arriving at the camp ground, I presented myself for prayers at every opportunity, but was afraid that they would be wearied by me, as I made such slow progress. I desired true religion, and not something that resembled it, merely. I inquired of a genuine Christian, how he became converted, for I wanted experience and not theory. His advice was beneficial. After praying a number of times, I rose up, and said, "I am afraid that I am not a genuine penitent, for I have wicked thoughts yet. I may

be in the way of others. Perhaps God has given me up. But do have patience with me, I will not deceive you." One of the brethren stepped toward me, and I thought was about advising me to go home, and O, the despair that overshadowed me like a cloud! He put his arm round my neck and affectionately spoke to me; then a sister prayed for me. This was more than my proud heart could bear. I thought it would be noised abroad all over Newark that *a Methodist woman prayed for John Scarlett at Camp-meeting*, and "I shall never get over it!"

Why should I?

I went home that night, *surly*. I would not talk to "Mary" about my experience. She sighed! The next morning my wife asked me "if I intended to go to the camp?" My reply was, "I don't like the Methodists. They have caused me a great deal of trouble." She responded, "This is the last day of the meeting, and you had better go—perhaps you will get good." I said, "I will go, but I will eat no breakfast, nor anything, until satisfied that God will, or will not, have mercy on me. It is un-

desirable to live as heretofore. This question must be settled." I started once more for the "tented grove," desperately in earnest, and yet annoyed by what I had said of the Methodists.

Satan powerfully assailed me. I was then "ignorant of his devices." The preaching commanded my attention, and I constantly sought God on my knees at the "mourners' bench," determined to fast until converted. About the hour of four in the afternoon, of June 28th, I retired a short distance into the woods, meditating suicide! The matter was thus considered : "Have I not done all that is possible? How can I bear to live as heretofore? Life is a burden, and might as well be ended at once." Taking a *sharp-pointed knife* from my pocket, and thinking of the locality of the heart, *new thoughts* suddenly arrested me, such as these, "Your pain is not a bodily one, it is a spiritual trouble—a *soul-pain*. Killing yourself will not kill your pain, but leave it in an incurable state forever." Then the inquiry came "why did not these thoughts arise before? Was it not God interfering, to check my suicidal hand?"

If so, was there not mercy for me ; would God tantalize me with false hope ? Did he not say, "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool "? These reflections gave me encouragement, and I went in to the altar before the preacher's stand, where the prayer-meeting was progressing. One was very fervent in his singing and praying—afterward ascertained to be the late *Rev. Wesley Robertson*—I requested him to pray for me, which he did. I followed him in the prayer offered and adopted it as my own, until forgetting myself, and absorbed with a view of Christ.

A spiritual vision was afforded which it is not best to describe. I was lifted up out of all sorrow, instantly. My sense of guilt was gone, and all heaviness of spirit. It seemed as if my mind was like a white sheet of paper. No tears of anxiety or care remained. A leading member of the Methodist Church, who knew me, said, "Why, brother Scarlett, you are really converted !" looking at me with a steady gaze.

My reply was, "I think I am." Immediately the thought was presented, you have professed religion *too soon*; and resolved to say, *no*, if the question were asked again. Soon another brother said, "I am glad you have found Jesus!" I replied, "No; not yet." Then it seemed as if I had denied my Saviour. I determined to be alone awhile, and went a short distance, praying in silence, thus: "O my God, help me, that I may know my state. If I am thy child, send Thy Spirit into my soul, and give the witness that will thoroughly convince me." Instantly a communication from God was received, filling me with unutterable ecstasy. Inexpressible joy overwhelmed me, and I gave myself up to its control, ardently shouting and laughing. I praised God with my might. "Glory to God! Glory to God, and O bless the Lord!" escaped from my lips, at every breath, with a joy "unspeakable and full of glory."

This experience was entirely new. It was from a *new source*, and was of "a new creation." The Spirit of God held all my faculties in harmonious play; and yet, I doubt if I could have

long lived in such transports. I left the place I occupied near the preacher's stand, and retired to where the unconverted portion of the congregation were, endeavoring to arrest this gushing torrent of happy feeling, but impossible—and the poor sinners seemed almost frightened at my shouting. I went into the "praying tent" and crept into the straw, hoping to become calm. There was, however, a new outgush of joy, and I cried, laughed, shouted, rolled over and smote upon my breast in heavenly rapture. Thinking if I stayed I would be an annoyance to the people, I then started for home with suppressed shouting along the way. Some young men on the way exclaimed, "I guess he has got the chills and fever." Before going far, the torrent of my feelings was suddenly checked. This was a surprise, but I concluded to serve God under all circumstances.

Arriving at home, I told my wife, in accordance with my promise, what the Lord had done for me. My confession of Christ in this way immediately revived the joy realized on the camp-ground. How wonderfully the Lord

blessed me ! My wife looked strangely at me, as she had never seen me in such a condition before. I said, "*Mary, don't be discouraged, for I believe it is all for the best.*" I took down the much neglected Bible, read a portion, and prayed for the first time in my family. With the consent of my wife we promised to continue in this line while life should last. After a refreshing sleep, I awoke in the morning with the love of God in my heart, all things looking beautiful and new. Such a lovely morning in June had never before thrown its sunshine around me. Everything was full of gladness and praising God. The green grass, the variegated flowers, the branching trees, and the singing birds, were all in harmony with my converted heart. Every leaf had a tongue for God, and every breeze and sunbeam were for Him.

A "love feast" was held on the camp-ground on Saturday morning ; I was there and related my experience, and heard others with much profit. I went in the afternoon to the *Parsonage* of *Rev. Solomon Higgins*, and desired him to record my name as a probationer in the Church, which

he did. Newark then had but two Methodist churches, constituting a circuit, having two preachers, who alternated in the Sabbath services, viz.: *Revs. Geo. G. Cookman and Solomon Higgins.* Having such ministers, the right kind of instruction was given me. When the Sabbath morning came "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," and He seemed to breathe on me His hallowing breath. Then we had, in both churches, afternoon preaching. I heard *Cookman* on the first Sabbath afternoon of my Christian life. Listening intently and prayerfully, and thinking on the certainty of coming events foretold, and the *reality* of religion, I *swooned*, and was unconscious of surrounding objects. This was not brought about by any agency of my own. It did not continue. This losing of bodily strength I do not understand to be of any special account. It might have resulted from my physical state, because of intensified feeling. It has, however, left on my mind a good impression, helpful to my faith.

Shortly after my conversion I met one of my old acquaintances, who was a play-actor in

Broadway, New York. He was glad to see me, and saluted me in his usual style, with a dramatic air, thinking, no doubt, that I would answer him as heretofore by quoting Shakespeare. I told him *I was converted!* He laughed and said, "John, you personify the deacon well, you do, indeed." I replied, "I am in earnest, sir, I tell you the truth. My heart is given to God, and I expect to live and die in his service. *Albert*, I tell you I am happy!" He said, "Is that so? You are a weaker man than I took you to be."

In about ten years thereafter, on a sick-bed, he sent, by the late *Rev. J. L. Lenhart*, for me to talk and pray with him. He was converted, and "died in the Lord," and I expect to meet him in Heaven. Christian experience has no regrets to entail on the followers of Jesus.

It was laid upon me as my duty to open school with prayer. The younger scholars were pleased. I wrote my experience in a tract form, which was printed and published by the Methodist Book Concern. Its title is "*Conversion of a Deist, written by himself.*" In a short time, I saw by the "*Christian Advocate,*" that

God had honored it in the conversion of an officer of the U. S. Navy. This was very pleasant to hear, for I wished to be not only happy but useful. I did not teach school but a few weeks longer, for it did not afford me a livelihood. I went with a Christian friend to Connecticut, hoping to find employment. We held meetings for prayer and exhortation in school-houses, and visited and prayed with families, seeing some fruit, and returned home in two weeks. During the time my wife had become converted.

I was desired by the Post-master to be "*letter carrier.*" I was poor, and all things began "to work together for good." Letter-carrying was suitable to my health, affording me steady remuneration, and being favorable to, and giving opportunity for simple testimony for Jesus. In this humble way of preaching the Gospel to the higher as well as lower classes, more good was done than was profitable for me to know at the time. Desiring greatly to grow in grace, I adopted fasting one day in a week to keep "my body under." Wishing to be a Christian in reality, I read the best books

I could procure, especially on Methodist theology. Some person left a package for me, which on examination I found to be the Commentary of *Dr. Adam Clarke* on the New Testament. The name of the donor was never known. I had many answers to prayer, and providential helps that were needed. I think fasting has been of great use in helping me to realize my spiritual need.

I opposed the idea of "sin in believers" for a time, and thought that I could not have more of the Lord than I received in conversion. But, before three months rolled away I was convicted of the need of an indwelling Christ to be a constant heart-ruling power. He that was *with* me, I desired to be *in* me. There was no consciousness of backsliding in any degree. I read the writings of *William Law* and *Thomas à Kempis*. My conviction for this advanced state of religion was not accompanied by any sense of guilt. While praying and fasting, clearer views of the provision which God had made for His people were received. I was very exact in attending to all my Church duties. Class-meet-

ings, prayer-meetings, preaching, and the sacraments, I held to be of essential importance. But they were *outward*, and I desired *inward power*, and began to think that God had it for me. A clean heart was my desire—the Holy Spirit wrought that desire. Sometimes I was greatly tempted to quench this spiritual desire. Then reasonings, superinduced by the Spirit in reading the Scriptures, convinced me it was attainable by faith. At various times I felt the risings of pride, anger and resentment of wrong. Although these did not obtain the mastery, I desired to have their seeds destroyed. I was studying the things of salvation experimentally, and borrowed *Wesley's sermons* and *Fletcher's writings*. I knew that I was justified and that grace was complete in itself. I was regenerated and could grow, developing strength as a tree does ; but I differed from a tree, having intelligence, memory and conscience, which *a tree has not*. Justification was received by faith and was complete. The desire for entire sanctification was begotten, and had its *commencement* in conversion. Could I not have *that completed*? I

was tempted not to seek *entire* purity because of *so few* witnesses of this grace. Then fear possessed me, lest I should offend God if *I* did not ardently seek and obtain all the grace provided. And the doctrines of saving grace became more sharply outlined and more definite in my view. It was not an ambition to be a distinguished Christian that prompted me to seek heart purity. I was hungering and thirsting to be filled. I was zealous, and happy in working for Jesus, with no backsliding tendencies. Many times I walked several miles to be in a prayer-meeting or love-feast. My friends told me I was too zealous, and would injure my health by over-work. But my answer was, "I would rather wear out than rust out." Working for God is health-preserving.

One pleasant evening in autumn, I retired beyond the city limits to a sequestered spot for prayer, having fasted during the day. I stood in silence before God in serious thoughtfulness. I said, in low whispers. "O God, I sought pardon of Thee, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son—and pardon came. Thou didst give me the wit-

ness of it by Thy Blessed Spirit. Now, I come to Thee to receive Thy indwelling presence to purify my soul and keep me. Show me Thy will concerning my request, O Lord. If thou wilt not be pleased to grant it, let me know it, and I will cease to pray for it." I kneeled down with a vow that I would not rise until I received an answer from God. Having prayed about twenty minutes the answer came. It was a soul-pervading presence of holiness! It gave me the serenest feeling ever experienced. I arose with the consciousness of God within me and all around me. There was no exuberant joy, but calmness and conscious power. I was "light in the Lord," and earth had lost its attractions. While walking, it seemed as though the air bore me up, or that I had wings. O, the preciousness of Christ—there was sin-killing energy in the very sound of His name, JESUS! A gun was fired off by some one near me, which did not in the least startle me!

The future effects of this blessing received were not much in thought—I was absorbed with the *present*. No theory, or policy influenced me;

no mode of conduct was defined. I had "lived," in all good conscience, "before God" since conversion ; and *now* had received a distinct witness of being cleansed from all sin, "from all unrighteousness." It was soon made manifest that it was in accordance with Scripture teaching, and with Wesley's and Fletcher's testimony. My state of mind and heart remained the same, wherever I might be. It was not ecstacy, but great peace continued. "Love unfeigned" was abiding in me. It kept me thinking more of God than of myself. There was increased knowledge of spiritual things. I became satisfied that I had learned the "way of the Lord more perfectly," and that no truth could be successfully arrayed against it. I could now love my enemies, forgive injuries, and do good to such as despitefully used me. There was no need to be exhorted to confess the blessing. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The cleansing, and keeping-me-clean process, has remained ever since. It is as clear and distinct as what I received in justification. My own part of this great blessing has

infirmities. God's part is *perfect*; and *that part I confess.*

This chapter may be appropriately closed with a quotation from the 64th lecture of *Rev. Joseph Cook*—"Under irreversible natural law, there can be no blessedness without holiness. Here I leave you face to face with the nature of things, the authority that dazzled Socrates. God's omnipotence cannot force blessedness on a soul that has lost the predominant desire to be holy. Omniscience cannot make happy a man who loves what God hates, and hates what God loves.

"If you fall into predominant dissimilarity of feeling with God, it is out of His power to give you blessedness. Undoubtedly we are of all men most miserable, unless, with our deliverance from the guilt of sin there comes to us also deliverance from the love of it. Without holiness, there can be no blessedness; but there can be no holiness without a predominant love of what God loves, and hate of what God hates. We grow wrong; we allow ourselves to crystalize in habits that imply a loss of the desire to be holy; and at last, having made up

our minds not to love predominantly what God loves, and hate what He hates, we are amazed, that we have not blessedness. But the universe is not amazed. The nature of things is but another name for the Divine Nature. God would not be God if there could be blessedness without holiness."

CHAPTER V.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.—CALL TO PREACH.

“For the joy of the Lord is your strength.”—Neh. viii. 10.

GOD reveals Life, Truth, and Light to us, as we are able to apprehend and appreciate them. A young convert does not receive all that is to be known of Christ in the first Gospel lesson imparted. The idea of praying for entire sanctification never enters into the mind of the unregenerate. The first need I felt, was reconciliation with God. Then, after being reconciled, the need of entire purity. After I had, for a while, the witness of being justified by faith, a plane was reached which gave me a farther outlook. I saw more land to be possessed. By fasting, prayer, and Scripture-searching, class meeting and other exercises, advanced ideas of the doctrine and promises of holiness were received.

My knowledge of Christ, and His provision for my need, greatly increased. I received by experience the knowledge of entire sanctification as Wesley taught it ; and as it is now held in the M. E. Church.

What is politic to believe or do in religious matters has not been in my thought. The inquiry has ever been, what is truth ? Being honest with my conscience, and sincere with God, I could not avoid a cordial belief of Christian doctrines as contained in the Scriptures. I never could accept doctrinal teaching, on human authority alone. This is done too frequently. God has given us a conscience, and if we will be led by the Spirit, we may know what is pleasing to Him. While the blessed Word and Spirit are within our reach, we need not go astray. " If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." It does not require extraordinary talent or learning to do the will of God. We may through grace comply with Divine requirements.

The Christian enjoying full salvation is tempted and tried in a peculiar manner. The

world, and worldly professors, will not sympathize with him. Many, in their blind zeal for the cause of God, have endeavored to make religion popular with the world; thinking, vainly, that it would by this means spread more rapidly. God's dear ones have suffered from utterances by the pulpit and press, teaching that the world knows and acknowledges the righteous ; and if this recognition is not manifested it is their fault, and their profession is thus invalidated. But the carnal mind is what it ever has been, and the world will love its own. "And all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Let the pure in heart, therefore, not forget that there is no better way to walk in, than the way of the cross. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The world will never be right, until "All shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest."

It is popular, as yet, to confess sin in a wholesale way, saying, "We all sin," making no distinction whatever "between him that serves God, and him that serves him not." This

was a great stumbling-block to me in my sinful course. Real confession of known sins is a good thing when done in a Scriptural manner. But, an indefinite confession made under a false idea of humility is solemn mockery, and hateful to God. Suppose the Bible contained but one declaration that man could not be saved from sin, would it not be an overwhelming calamity? But if man had been the originator of the Bible, and its interpreter to our race, we would have had something like that. It would have contained no threatenings of punishment to the finally impenitent. But we have no such Bible. It teaches us explicitly the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," and directs us to Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost.

In seeking entire sanctification, we should be assured of our justification, by the witness of the Spirit, which is more than mere consciousness. It is before consciousness, and essential to it. It is *God* speaking to us, while consciousness is the answer of our souls to the Spirit's voice. Just as surely as we are truly justified by faith we will have the Spirit of God to witness,

with our spirits, to this fact. Let no one seek entire sanctification, until the fact of justification is well assured. I think there would be more witnesses of full salvation in the Church if the clear witness of justification were more prevalent.

Purity of heart should be sought as a distinct blessing. The mind should be definitely fixed upon that "one thing!" It is a divine gift, instantaneously received by faith. Objections made against entire sanctification are theoretical and not based on experience. They come from a lack of experience, and of looking at the subject through a sin-colored medium.

"What can we reason but from what we know." Persons have damaged the cause of Christ, no doubt, by professing the "Higher Life," when their life did not correspond with their profession. But, do such deluded ones make it excusable for us to neglect this "great salvation"? Real experience satisfies with saving knowledge. The world will speak well of its own morality; but when the blood of the Lamb, and the word of testimony, which give

"victory over the world," are exulted in, by faith, there is opposition from the carnal mind. The Spirit's sword has two edges, and they are keen and piercing. "The precious," by it, will be separated from "the vile." The genuine will be hated, but God will guard His own from the assaults of Satan, and all his emissaries. Aside from the Spirit and the Word of Truth, operating through the channels of human thought, there could be no genuine Christian experience. Fancy and imagination may manifest strange phenomena, as in *Spiritualism*; but they lack the elements of good fruit and truthful uniformity. A living, moving, transforming power leads believers to "search the Scriptures," to bring about results of "good report." It was, therefore, my custom each day, to hold up my experience before the Gospel mirror, that its likeness and superscription might be seen.

I had not been long in the "good old way" before Satan assaulted me strangely and powerfully. My mind was active. Sanctifying grace does not exempt from temptation. Somehow I began to reason about the nature of the soul. It

is not proper to particularize as to this Satanic process of reasoning, by which subtle sophistries were presented to my mind. They were not entertained ; but the wicked fallacies suggested were unpleasant. I went to the Parsonage, and made my case known to *Rev. Solomon Higgins*. He said it was a perplexing matter, and proposed prayer. We each prayed. Divine help came, and I have never been assailed in like manner since. Had I mistaken the temptation for a *sentiment*, and cherished it, it might have remained with me through life. Shortly afterward I read the able essay of *Samuel Drew*, on the "Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," with profit. About this time my pastor gave me a class to lead, and Exhorter's license, that I might be profitably employed. Methodism furnished me with valuable instruction and healthful exercise. It was to me a system of saving doctrines and appliances, adapted to my necessities. This testimony is given, not in the spirit of bigotry, but in gratitude to God for these instrumentalities.

Exercising my functions of "Class leader" and "Exhorter" in the M. E. Church, afforded

me the best opportunities to cultivate my faculties, and help others in preparing for usefulness and heaven. I did not become a Methodist from policy, or by the influence of example ; my early parental training rendered me averse to it. It was from *conviction* alone, which could not be ignored without guilt, God looking at me from every quarter, I devoted myself therefore to the church's cause in that particular fold with all possible earnestness.

In leading class I learned good lessons from the testimony of the members. It led me to think of them and their spiritual needs, and to pray more definitely for them. It required me to be spiritual and to have fresh experience each week. Class meetings, when properly conducted, are very promotive of spiritual profit. They beget pure Christian friendship, bringing forth much fruit to the glory of God. What would the Methodist Church have been to-day had it not been for this institution ? I made diligent use of my exhorter's license, as there was opportunity, having no desire to hold an office with-

out fulfilling the obligations imposed. God was pleased to give me fruit of my labor.

In less than two years after my conversion I began to think, "with fear and trembling," that I might be called to preach. This was kept to myself for a while. The conviction of a divine call to preach the Gospel was not agreeable to my natural inclination. It came to me as a cross. I did not want to believe it, and made excuses to set it aside. At this juncture, *Rev. Geo. G. Cookman* wrote a letter, urging me not to stifle the convictions of duty brought by the Holy Spirit. And other ministers and members of the Church spoke to me on the subject with tenderness.

The call to preach was strong, but I was not in favor of irregularities in the Church. I said to myself, if I am required to preach, God will make it known to me by outward signs as echoes to my convictions ; which He did. The brethren judged from my exhortations that I ought to preach. Before they gave me license, at their request a trial was made, unsuccessfully, and I hoped to be excused. But fearing the Lord's

displeasure, I at length yielded to the voice of the Church.

In the year 1837, four years after I was converted, I received license to preach. As a *local preacher* I served the Church four years, preaching nearly every Sabbath, either in the city or in churches in the adjacent neighborhoods. Being "assistant post-master," as well as "letter-carrier," I was very busy every day during the week. On Sabbath I would walk five or six miles to my preaching places, preach twice or thrice, and then return home at night on foot and alone, happy to have such gracious privileges.

A missionary sermon was announced to be preached in the M. E. Church, Greene street, New York, by *Rev. Henry B. Bascom*, subsequently Bishop, which drew together a large concourse. In company with a number of others from Newark, I went to hear it. The sermon in some respects was unparalleled, in my estimation. The text was, "I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak." II.Cor. iv. 13. Professor Bascom was then

in his prime, and had a noble presence. In manly appearance he had few equals. His matter was pure gospel, his manner natural and without affectation. He possessed rare genius, and could not well be imitated. He was argumentative, logical, and had a vivid imagination. His style was stately and his discourses were full of illustrations. His gestures were faultless. The great assemblage was charmed by the "rich thunder of his awful voice," and the whole sermon was "majestically grand." It was *a storm* of eloquence; but it left the "*bow* in the cloud." Some have criticised Bascom for his high-wrought imagery and exuberance of language. But being born a genius, he occupied his own sphere.

The minister of the Gospel is divinely qualified, chosen and called to a God-given work. Man may not judge rightly concerning him. Bascom's sermon greatly strengthened my faith, leaving me to apprehend more distinctly the rocky foundations of Christianity.

The Lord called even me to preach the Word, and *I felt the conviction*. This call was as clear as

my obligation to be a follower of Christ. My littleness, compared with Bascom and others, was painfully manifest, and I had temptations to turn aside from the path of duty. But I was shut up to the necessity of compliance or non-compliance. I desired to stay in Newark with my Christian friends, who would, I thought, be charitable toward my eccentricities. I loved child-like simplicity, and did not aspire to a lofty position. The vocation of an itinerant Methodist minister is no trifling matter. To this ministry I was called. Shall I be ashamed of the way that God has led me? No; never!

Paul, John Wesley, William Taylor, and others have set an example which it is safe to follow. Will not God multiply such ambassadors as William Taylor ere long, that "the heathen may be given to Christ for his inheritance"? "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged until He have set judgment in the earth, and the isles shall wait for His law."

The Church should insist that every candidate for the ministry be divinely called. The minister himself should not be satisfied without such

witness. It will help him in his faith, studies, pastoral visits, pulpit, and all ministerial exercises. God's approval will thus be given, rendering him effective in the gospel field.

As a local preacher I was willing, and my allotment joyful. One Sabbath morning, having an engagement to preach at Springfield, I rode there on horseback. It was after a long rain-storm, and the streams were swollen. Not thinking of this I turned my horse to wade through the brook, instead of going over the bridge, as I should have done. Being thoroughly wet, I was chilled, for it was in the Fall of the year. When I arrived at the church, having emptied my boots of the water, it was time to commence service; I was cold, and shivered while preaching.

After preaching, according to custom, I led class. A good sister remarked "that the sermon had profited her, for she had been led to pray for the preacher, seeing that *he trembled so under the weight of the cross!* She thanked the Lord that Brother Scarlett had gracious help to bear it." I did not think it worth while to explain,

I preached the truth of God's Word according to my ability—concerning sin and hell as well as holiness and heaven. Can we love Jesus, and not believe all his words? Nay, verily. A Universalist heard me preach, and called me "*the brimstone man!*" He lived in Newark and met me often. He became ill, and during his sickness thought of my preaching, which he had so much disliked. He grew worse and sent for me. It was a "rainy day;" but I went. My visit was welcome. I read the Bible and prayed with him. He was converted in a day or two, and was very happy. He sent for his old Universalist friends to come and see him and hear of his "joy in the Lord," but not one came. He died in peace. "All is well that ends well." Christians, and none others, die well. Preaching the Gospel was joyous indeed, but it was "*the joy of the Lord.*" I thought of the scrutiny through which all must pass in the coming judgment, and the accounts to be rendered. Rejoicing in Jesus has always been a great help to my faith, strengthening me in my work. Praising the Lord aloud from the heart,

by the help of the comforting Spirit, is an exercise "disallowed indeed of men," but helpful to such as desire to be "transformed by the renewing of their minds." It exalts Christ and glorifies God.

Many times, on Sabbath mornings, I walked from Newark to what is now called "Montclair," "Speertown," and "Verona," preaching three times, then walking back at night. Sometimes I spit blood, and was reproved by the "wise and prudent" for over-exertion. My naturally sanguine temperament, no doubt, tended to this result. Yet, "wearing out is better than rusting out."

I supplied the pulpit of the M. E. Church in Orange for a number of months, regularly, the preacher in charge being absent soliciting material aid for the Church. In those days Methodist preachers had vacations for the Church's sake, instead of their own. I walked from home every Sabbath morning after breakfast, and preached, remaining throughout the day, visiting and praying in families, and walked home after preaching in the evening. I became acquainted

with Rev. Dr. Hillyer, and was pleased with his genial Christian deportment. He was a popular Presbyterian minister. Brother Kelsal, a prominent member of the Church, made me a present of a hat ; but I did not like it, the brim was too broad, making me look like a Quaker. I gave it to a reformed inebriate ; but he soon fell from his temperance standing and sold it for drink.

On the occasion of my first visit to Orange, I had an experience which is held in lively remembrance. Being a stranger to the congregation, no one invited me to dinner, so I took a rural, sauntering walk. I found *blackberries* provided for me, which I ate with a good relish, being both hungry and happy. I preached again in the evening, and walked home, having a good relish for supper, provided by my help-meet. The next time I preached there, the inquiry was made where I dined on the last Sabbath. I gave a suitable account of my noon repast. After that I had no lack of invitations to dine. At this time I made the acquaintance of "Archy Lyon" and family, and enjoyed their hospitality. "Archy," as he was called, was among the first

Methodists in Orange. He is still living, and the feeder of thousands every year, at his camp-meeting boarding tent, at Mount Tabor. By him the hungry are filled, and none are sent empty away. He provides "blackberries," divested of their briars, in due season.

In the winter of that year, an incident occurred that some may yet remember. One very cold day, during a severe snow-storm, while Rev. Wesley Hudson sat in the altar, I preached. Brother Hudson was a genius, well-cultivated. His eyes were of diamond brightness. He was of quick perception and a good judge of preaching. Being aware of this, I was not insensible of what might be his criticism of my sermon. I felt the piercing glances of his upturned eyes, and profited by them. But when I came down from the high pulpit, he met me, looking sharply in my face, saying, "*Now brother John, you had better tie up your mouth!*" I did not relish his advice, and replied with emotion, "*Brother Hudson, I did the best I could, under the circumstances, and you, yourself, could have done no more.*" He quickly perceived my

misapprehension of his meaning, and explained, "I find no fault with your sermon, John ; it was good gospel ; but I don't want you to take cold this stormy weather, so I advise you to tie up your mouth." After this I became better acquainted with Brother Hudson, at the residence of Mr. Henry Wild, in Bloomfield, whose sister he married. He had preaching talents of uncommon brilliancy, and a heart of the tenderest sensibility. The promise of great usefulness was checked by his flaming zeal in the cause of the Master. Like the sainted Summerfield, his sword cut through its sheath, and God took him.

The year 1837 was noted for general financial trouble, throughout the whole country. It was "hard times," everywhere. Business of all kinds was dull. Bread-stuffs were dear, and all kinds of provisions scarce. Many of the rich were made poor. The poor had extreme suffering. The full extent of destitution, was observable by God alone. "Why does God allow such calamities to fall upon mankind?" some may ask. Inscrutable is the administration of an all-

wise Providence. "His ways are past finding out." Can we justly suppose that it would be better for our race if prosperity should always prevail everywhere? What would be the probable outcome of such a state of things? Would men be likely, under such circumstances, to turn to God "with purpose of heart"? No, indeed! "They would desire *not* the knowledge of His ways." We would be a God-forsaken world plunging into a sea of horrid vices. Our ruin would be complete. We need chastisement for our well-being.

While the times were realized to be hard, intemperance made them worse. The Christian portion of our people, with the best of our citizens, thought an impetus might be given to the cause of Temperance. The poorer classes, which were the more needy, having the lesser means for a livelihood, would, in many cases, spend their little for intoxicating drinks, to drown their sorrow, leaving destitution at home. This was observed, and led to the stirring up of Temperance activities. Mr. James Aiken was appointed "New Jersey State

Temperance Agent." He was a man of note, a peculiar genius, somewhat eccentric, but true to the cause. Soon after he arrived in Newark, he inquired for John Scarlett. Coming up to me, near my residence, he saluted me thus, "Is this John Scarlett?" "It is," I answered. "Well," said he, with a "merry twinkle in his eye," "I heard that you were as odd as the zig-zag lightning,"—but "you are not such a person as you were described to be. You eccentric! I don't believe it. Your nose and chin are not sharp; and your features are but ordinary. I tell you that an eccentric person *has features like an old-fashioned gun-lock!*" This was my introduction to *James Aiken*, or his introduction to me. He did good service in the Temperance cause, although between him and myself I think the *observer* was more odd, than the *observed*. He delivered a number of lectures in the different churches in the city, and was very popular. Some of the older people in Newark may yet remember the address he delivered in Halsey Street Methodist Church. He ascended the pulpit, and laid on the Bible

a bundle of manuscripts, and said, "I suppose you don't like to see me come here with such a pile of old rusty notes!" The house was completely packed, and he poured forth a pathetic and eloquent appeal for the cause of Temperance, taking not the least notice of the papers before him.

I was desirous of seeing fruit of my labors, not so much to prove my call to the ministry as to enjoy it, as a matter pleasing to God. This desire was born at my conversion, and has strengthened in receiving fulness of salvation. So having prayed for a man for four years, every day, on the day I thought of giving him up, I received the news of his conversion! One evening, in a prayer-meeting in the Methodist Church in Franklin Street, I exhorted with great plainness, showing the danger of living in sin. Satan assaulted me severely. Near midnight, a knock at the door awakened me, and I was importuned, by a messenger, to go with him, to visit one who had heard my exhortation and was *hurt*. It was a stormy night, snow flakes were flying thick and fast. Before arriv-

ing at the house, in Orchard Street, I heard the cries of the *penitent lady*! She was in an "upper-room," and as I entered, was on her knees, a woman on either side holding her hands, telling her "that God was not deaf!" She was praying, lustily, "O Lord, have mercy on my soul!" I asked her, what was the matter? She said she was such a great sinner, and had felt so wretched ever since she had been to the prayer-meeting, and she thought I might perhaps help her to obtain religion. I read a portion of Scripture, prayed with her, gave her advice, and in less than twenty minutes she was converted, and shouted "Glory to God" as loudly as she had cried in her distress. I left her, and went home, as happy as I could well be on earth. The touches of falling snow-flakes on my face, in my Master's service, were like the finger-touches of caressing angels! Having but recently preached on the text, "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine,"—this was a blessed application.

The Gospel is designed to save sinners in

its own peculiar way. It is the “power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.” It is God’s “working in us, to will and to do;” and our working with Him, in His own way. One Sabbath afternoon, while preaching in a store-house, on the wharf, which was fitted up for religious meetings, I had not proceeded far in my discourse, on the subject of prayer, before a sailor, an “old salt,” spoke out loud enough for all to hear, saying, “What will a man do if he cannot pray?” I replied, “God will help him.” Very soon he again asked, “When must a man pray?” I answered, “Pray now, for *now* is the accepted time.” He immediately arose, turned around, and kneeled by his seat, and began in the most earnest manner to call upon God to have mercy upon him. He confessed that he had beaten his wife, and turned his father out of doors, in the old country. In about twenty minutes he and four others were converted. Some brethren remonstrated with me for permitting disorder in Divine service, in allowing that sailor to interrupt me as he did, quoting, “Let all things be done decently, and

in order." I answered, "Surely God is always offended at what is disorderly and indecent; but he requires something to 'be done.' In the present instance, He has moved me to preach so that a vile sinner has felt his guilt, and obtained salvation. God will have a short work. He cut my sermon 'short, in righteousness,' and saved *five sinners*. Has he not done it *decently*, and in perfect *order*, — yet, 'disallowed of men?'"

"Upon all the glory," of salvation, "there shall be a defense." A protracted meeting had been started in the old Methodist Church in Jersey City. I received an invitation to preach on a week-night. The railroad was built, but horse-cars ran on it at that time. Shortly after getting in a car I was disgusted at the profanity of one of the passengers. I arose and said, "If I hear any more of such language I will avail myself of the law." The man flew into a rage, asking me, "What I would do about it?" I said, "I will show you, sir. I will pray in this car as loudly as you can swear, and avail myself of the law."

No more swearing was heard, but the laugh

was turned on my antagonist. I went to the church, and preached, and had a good season in prayer-meeting. A number came to the altar, and some were converted. After the close of the meeting I went to the car that stood on the track waiting for persons coming from the theatre. Seating myself in the car, a man entered, using profane language. I said to him, "You must be in the wrong place. We don't swear in this car. We are decent people." He offered to bet that he was as decent as I was. "You must be mistaken," I remarked, "for we are not gamblers. We do not bet here." He then doubled his fist, and put it against my head, threateningly. Just at that point a large, muscular man, towering over him, took him by the neck, making him sit down, saying, "I am a big sinner myself, but I will not see a Christian abused if I can help it. I know this man by reputation, and have been reproved by him for my bad conduct. But no violent hands shall be laid upon him while I am near."

While laboring as a local preacher my relations with the pastors of the two Churches in

Newark were fraternal. The recalling of their names awakens tender feelings. I rejoice in prospect of meeting them when earthly scenes shall have passed away. Religion is the bright central fountain of all the streams of moral excellency. It is king of all real pleasures, and will last forever. Revs. George G. Cookman, Solomon Higgins, Levi Scott, late Bishop, John S. Porter, William Roberts, James Ayars, Thomas M'Carroll, and David W. Bartine, are names precious in my memory. I often think of pleasant conversations had with them. Six of them, at least, have gone home to their reward.

Rev. Dr. Bartine was the pastor of the Church in Franklin street, during the last two years of my residence in Newark. Brother Bartine was a warm friend, highly prized. He reminded me of the late *Dr. Charles Pitman*. There were some points of resemblance between them. They had each a fine physique,—stout, yet well-proportioned. Nature made them both orators. Pitman had excellent traits, all his own. So had Bartine peculiar excellencies. Pitman was

a giant in the pulpit in his day. His voice was loud and trumpet-toned, when girded by the Spirit for the combat. His words were chosen ones, tha., like the fabled fire-taking arrow, from the bow of *Ascestus*, burned their way to every heart. I may have a *bias* in favor of Pitman on account of the benefit I received from his preaching ; but many agree with me that he had few equals. A soldier, at one of the large camp-meetings, listening to his preaching when in his best condition for the work, would be likely to think of the roar of cannon on the battle-field. “The slain of the Lord were many !” Bartine excelled Pitman in some particulars. He excelled him in culture, logic, accuracy, and polish. He filled the pulpit with dignity equal to Pitman, and was at home in showing the need and infinite efficacy of the grand atonement, and gloried in the Cross ; but he excelled him in the arrangement of his discourses, and in voice and gesture. His voice had a soft and silvery tone. His golden sentences rang out on the ear like “chiming music” on the still air of a quiet summer morn-

ing. He was not so much like an Alpine avalanche as Pitman, but more magnetic. Who can describe the charm that accompanied his best efforts? It was like "Melody sweetly played in tune." Who could detect the least awkwardness in his manner? His fine, large head, lustrous eyes, beaming with benevolence, and his whole frame animated, gave him an attractive appearance. I do not in the least detract from the superior merits of Dr. Pitman, when I speak of the "things of good report," in the case of Dr. Bartine. They belong to the same family, and have been owned by the same Lord. True Gospel preachers have evinced more variety and versatility of talent than almost any other class. Dr. Pitman winged his words like flaming javelins to pierce the enemy, and put the alien hosts to flight. Bartine won by pleasing strokes of eloquence. They were models of true Methodist preaching. They have each on their shields been carried home!

Once, at a camp-meeting, not far from *Springfield*, or *New Providence*, N. J., while Dr. Bartine was preaching, a lady was powerfully

wrought on by the Spirit of God. She lost her strength, and fell to the ground. She was "absent from the body," and lost to all consciousness of earthly things. Before she recovered consciousness, a physician, not acquainted with the power of God, pierced her arm deeply with a needle, to test *her state*, but she felt nothing. Many came to look upon her face, which wore an aspect of indescribable serenity. Some, while beholding her features, were seized with "fear and trembling;" while others had emotions of sacred awe. There was an unearthly luster in her countenance, a kind of celestial light, making me think of angels and heaven! Having been in a trance myself, I appreciated her condition. The power of the Spirit in her believing heart had prostrated her body; and therefore her state differed widely from an unconscious transport from earthly scenes by any other cause. Some were in bad temper, and railed against the lady for being so weak-minded; but she was sincere, and, no doubt, God intended to reach the hearts of some by this manifestation.

I had a dream about this time ; it was but a dream, and it may pass for what it is worth. I have related it in seasons of revival with good effect, apparently. I believe that dreams do sometimes come from God. We have an instance in Job, chap. iv. 12-17. Eliphaz said, " Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up ; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof ; an image was before mine eyes ; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying : Shall mortal man be more just than God ? "

I had been striving to reclaim a backslider. It was thought that he had been converted through my instrumentality. One night I had a singular dream concerning him. It seemed as though we stood at the foot of a wooded hill, talking together. The hill was of mild declivity, ascending in a northerly direction, while

toward the east it declined, sloping to a low, dark valley. His movement appeared to be toward the valley, and mine was along the ascending ridge. Our separate movements, as we talked, formed an angle from the point of departure, increasing the distance between us. The burden of my conversation was to have him walk along with me, for Christ was leading me. We were both going north, but he *downward* and I *upward!* I was calling to him, and he was answering me. My voice was beseeching him to take an upward course along with me, and his reply in declining to do so became fainter and fainter. I became despondent in regard to him, as we were receding so far from each other ; in fact, I gave him up for lost, for I heard his voice *no more!* Turning my face to go westward, I beheld coming toward me a "chariot of fire, and horses of fire," having the guidance of "One like unto the Son of Man !" The trees offered no resistance to the fiery wheels, moved as it seemed by miraculous power. As the wonderful personage alighted, no noise was heard. He seemed to be like the Son of God on the

Mount of Transfiguration. He stooped and touched a small green bush of spreading leaves, and it instantly parted. He breathed on its branching foliage, and it became a flaming bush of beautiful brightness. It had a supernatural light ; and He gave it to me, saying : "Take this from Me, it will never go out." I took it and looked, but he had vanished from my sight ! I then journeyed westward, holding the lighted bush in my hand, which was "a lamp to my feet and a light to my path," until I arrived at an open space of celestial pleasantness. I thought it was a place of purity, love, life, and unalloyed blessedness. I awoke, and behold, it was a dream ! What was the final issue as respects the backslider eternity will reveal.

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCEMENT OF ITINERANT LIFE.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice."—I. Sam. xv. 22.

In the Spring of 1841, the session of the New Jersey Annual Conference was held in the city of Newark. I was received on trial in company with W. P. Corbit, L. R. Dunn, and A. C. Vandewater. My classmates still live ; but how few remain of those who then met in that Conference !

To this body I had been recommended for three years in succession. On hearing of my reception it was quite a surprise, for I expected younger persons would be preferred. The reason why I desired to be recommended from year to year was to silence temptation if I was not received, and to answer the call of God if admitted. It was my purpose to lay aside every weight, and to "run with patience the race set before me."

I had lived in Newark twenty-one years, nearly eight of which were of my Christian life, had formed a large acquaintance, and was kindly treated by many friends. For over seven years I had been connected with the post-office ; and four years engaged in preaching nearly every Sabbath ; conversing and praying with those of reputation. I had attended camp-meetings every summer, and helped in protracted meetings during the winter. Having studied the discipline of the M. E. Church, with its articles of religion, my conscience was hemmed in on every side with *truth*. It was the best hemming-in ever experienced.

Bishop Hedding presided at the Conference, and I was appointed to the "*Rome and Wantage*" *Circuit*, as junior preacher. Our residence was at Greenville. This Circuit included what now contains *five charges*. The filling of my appointments required me to be absent from home most of the time ; and to travel every Sabbath from twelve to twenty miles, often preaching three times. The amount of my salary was less than three hundred dollars ! I studied and

practised lessons of economy as well as theology, observing what I preached : "Owe no man."

Seven hundred dollars per year had been promised to me in New York, in the post-office, and some of my friends said : "Why did you not take it? You might be useful in many other ways besides preaching." I replied : "God has called me to preach the Word, and I see myself and destiny balanced as on a pivot. Obedience will lead me to Heaven, but disobedience will 'turn me into Hell with all the nations that forget God.' 'To obey is better than sacrifice.'"

There was a member of our Church who had the reputation of being *a great talker*, although zealous in religion. She was a maiden lady who was getting somewhat advanced. She made us a visit when we were destitute of butter. I tried to buy of the neighbors, but could not, although it was called a "butter country." We treated our visitor to the best we had, and she reported our case to the richest members of the Church. The next Sabbath, while preaching, I observed more weeping than usual. Having finished my sermon, a wealthy member

arose and said : "I know that there is a reality in religion. Our brother Scarlett has been very happy in preaching to us this morning, but I have heard that he and his family are living *on bread and molasses!*" Quite a melting time ensued, and the next day nearly thirty pounds of butter were sent to us by a number of brethren. The maiden sister's *tongue* did us no harm.

How careful should Christians be to maintain good works, and ministers, especially, should "avoid the appearance of evil." We need always a discerning eye, that our good be not evil spoken of. Having purity of heart, we "think no evil," neither harbor groundless suspicions of one another. A circumstance occurred that will illustrate this.

An old lady, a worthy member of the Methodist Church, in *Greenville*, lived not far from the *parsonage*. I had favorable opportunities of conversing with her often. She was wealthy, but plain in her dress, an "old-fashioned Methodist." She professed holiness, and lived a spotless life. All who knew her had confidence in her profession. She and myself held the same

doctrine, and had the same experience. She was in some sense "profitable to me in my ministry," encouraging me to preach the gospel in its fulness. One Sabbath morning my theme was *heart-purity*. She seemed much pleased at the announcement of my text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And she rejoiced, "for a season," but a change came over her countenance, and she was apparently cast down. At the close of the service, as we were leaving, she gave me a severe, reproving look, and said, "I have a bone to pick with you. Will you come and see me to-morrow?" I replied, "With pleasure, sister." I visited her the next morning, and found her somewhat dispirited over the low state of religion in the Church, yet she received me with kindness. "Tell me, sister," I inquired, "what you have against me?" "Well," said she, "I took you to be a very deeply pious servant of God, but I must tell you that pride has not entirely left you. Why do you take so much pains with your hair in combing it so smoothly? I saw you put your hand up to smooth the locks

over your forehead!" I responded, "Sister, I did not think of myself while I was preaching, and you should have had your mind on Christ."

No model of outward conduct should be in the preacher's mind for him to imitate. His gestures should be from the spontaneous promptings of his nature. A cultivated lady of the Presbyterian Church advised me to preach without moving the body. To gratify her I made the experiment, holding on to the Bible with both hands. She heard me and advised me to follow my usual course, which was entirely agreeable to me. To be natural in preaching, requires careful and persevering study. The natural style of preaching is the most effective.

A brief account of three camp-meetings that I attended on my first circuit may interest the reader. One was held near *Wurtzborough*, N. Y., and *Capt. Ira Stoddard*, an official member of our Church, took me there in his carriage. We started long before daylight. In the forenoon we heard a very eloquent sermon from the Presiding Elder, John C. Green, and the prayer-meeting following it was good. Sinners were

converted. Here I saw James Horton. He called himself, "*Uncle Jimmy.*" He was continually singing, shouting and jumping, was one of the happiest men I ever saw, and successful in bringing souls to Christ. His love for Jesus was unbounded, and inquirers were eager for his advice. Not wishing to be known as a preacher, I sought to be in the praying tents helping seekers. But the Elder found me and insisted that I should preach in the afternoon. I endeavored to do so, and divine power came down upon the congregation. "Father Horton" shouted lustily, too happy to follow this world's rules of etiquette. While telling how God had brought me out of the darkness of sin and infidelity, he cried out, "It served you right!" He had been rejoicing in the Lord so heartily and so long, that the uncommon gladness of his sanctified heart had photographed itself on his face.

A camp-meeting was held at *Sandyston*, N. J., which I attended also. Meetings in the grove in those days were for the revival of God's work, for the sanctification of believers and the

conversion of sinners. Architectural magnificence and sumptuous fare were not associated therewith. Æsthetical taste was not displayed in building and decorating stately residences. Nature's charms, and grace, were the prominent attractions. A circle of tents, with uncarpeted floors, covered with straw, contrasting their pure white with the living emerald of leafy trees, and the yellow sunshine flecking with checkered beauty the holy place, made it good to be there. The preaching was in accordance with the God-prepared place. It was not the soothing eloquence that leaves the sinner in his slumbers. No opiates were administered to superinduce dreams of delusion concerning sin and its eternal retribution. Jesus Christ, in His teaching, was believed, and none of His words were doubted. The power of God was expected to be displayed, not in a scientific way, but in demonstration of the Spirit.

The next camp-meeting, I attended, was near *Port Jervis*, N. Y. Here Presiding Elder Manning Force desired me to preach, and the Lord graciously helped. My theme was "*The*

gift of the Holy Ghost through faith in the Atonement." My closing remarks were as follows : " My brethren, the blessed promises form a wall of fire around you while you truly believe, and keep out all 'corruption which is in the world, through lust,' and the infinite ocean of divinity is above you, conveyed through the channels of the promises, by the way of atoning blood, into your believing hearts. Your own will, using the key of faith, opens the gate letting out corruption, and bringing in the Spirit." There was considerable rejoicing, and *Brother Baxter* came and requested me to accompany him a little way, in the woods. When out of sight of the camp-ground, he turned around, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said : " Now, my dear brother, the Lord has powerfully blessed you ; don't be puffed up—behave yourself, that is all I have to say to you !" *Brother Baxter's* holy life and character were as marked as his eccentricities.

Afternoon preaching was a rule on the circuit, and was adhered to as strictly as in the morning and evening—this was the general custom among all denominations. It is not,

however, the most favorable time, for the preacher or the hearer. During a very warm term in August, a brother, a member of our Church at *Wantage*, sometimes came to worship at what was called the "*Red Church*." He wished me to get a *Mr. McR.* to preach in the Red Church, on a certain afternoon—a very eloquent preacher, but using full notes. *Brother D.* was glad that the minister had consented to preach. He ate a hearty dinner, as was his custom. The afternoon was warm. He repaired to the Church to hear the sermon of the popular preacher. The house was densely crowded, and brother D. sat in a front seat. After preliminary exercises, the preacher commenced. He had not gone far before brother D. fell asleep, and in his sleep dreamed. Raising his hands in a confused, choking manner, he cried out, "*There! there! he is turning over another leaf!*" The entire congregation was startled by the sudden exclamation. The minister meanwhile kept his finger on the place of the last word which he had read. Wake-

ful hearers and arousing preachers are in "the more excellent way!"

The brother above named invited me, with my family, to visit him. A horse and buggy were hired for the purpose. My wife and youngest daughter accompanied me. We lived about ten miles from that brother's home. We spent a very pleasant time with our worthy, hospitable friend. We started home early because of the distance. Having a long hill to descend, when we had proceeded a short distance the horse, finding himself not agreeably harnessed, became restive because of the vehicle pushing him along in an unusual manner. He resorted to kicking, with unpleasant rapidity. The bright shoes of the animal came vividly in view. "Do let me get out, I'll walk!" said my wife, with uncommon earnestness. "No, Mary," I said, "pray, for I cannot stop the horse here." The bright shoes broke through the "dashboard," coming in close proximity to little Sarah's head, who was sitting in front of us. About half-way down the hill, a man was standing looking at us and the kicking horse, in

startling earnestness. I said to him, "Sir, how long do you think this horse will keep on kicking?" He looked both sad and comical, unable to answer me, and sat down upon a stone to consider the matter. At the bottom of the hill we stopped, and adjusted the harness. Although the shivering of the dashboard was to be regretted, there were no bones broken, for which we were thankful.

We were accustomed in those days to hold temperance meetings. Christians, to prosper in religion, must be interested in the cause of temperance.

I have endured some persecution, for my temperance thoughts, words and deeds.

Once, at the funeral of a man who had died drunk, I used "great plainness of speech." I had ascertained that he had left the tavern late at night, where he had obtained liquor, and was found the next morning beside the road, dead. The frost had whitened his clothing, hair, and whiskers. I was called to officiate at his burial, in a private house. The rum-seller drew his chair close to where I stood, and very near the

coffin. He was dressed in a suit of black, with a white cravat, looking more clerical than myself. I had not spoken long before my feelings were all on fire. Laying my hand on the coffin, I said, "My friends, you are aware, no doubt, how this man died—how he received the last dose from the bar of *this man on my left*—who launched his soul, unsaved, into an *awful eternity*! I wish I could call his ghost from that world, to stare this man in the face! I will try. O, ghost of the departed, make, O make your appearance in this room! Let this man know the heinousness of his crime!" I called out loudly the dead man's name twice. On going to the grave, I heard muttered threatenings, that were not pleasant to my ear.

One bright morning, not long after the occurrence, I was walking, not far from the tavern, and saw the keeper coming toward me, having a basket on his arm, with a clean white cloth over it. He approached me, and said, "*Dominie*, won't you take a little present from me? I have killed a calf, and thought I would like to have you receive this. You hit me hard the other

day, but it is all right. You see my sign is down, and I intend to do better. My good mother is a Methodist, she taught me good lessons, and enforced them by a pious example." I took the veal, it was fine, and the "trimmings" were *my temperance reflections!*

The first year of my itinerant life, *F. N. Crane* was my colleague. He was in charge, and I gave him to understand that I would be obedient to his oversight as senior preacher. He was a true Christian gentleman, courteous and kind, and I profited by his wise counsel.

I assisted in revival meetings in *Milford, Pa.*, and in *Middletown, N. Y.*, and many souls were converted.

Reading and study were congenial to me, but the conversion of the soul was esteemed to be of more importance. My fare was scanty at times, and there were some hardships. For instance: walking a dozen miles through deep snow, and sleeping in houses with such defective roofs that piles of snow would be on my bed in the morning. The people, in general, were kind; and I remember them with a great deal

of pleasure, hoping to meet them in the better land.

The second year my colleague was *Richard Lanning*. He was also preacher in charge, a man deeply pious, but in poor health. He only lived a few years after leaving Rome and Wantage circuit. He died on a stormy night, in the blissful hope of a glorious immortality. On coming home from Conference, which was held in Camden, N. J., I had to go by the way of *Newburgh*, N. Y., and on the steamboat became acquainted with *William Miller*, the noted originator of the "Millerite movement." He exhorted me vehemently to believe that Christ would come the next year, and that those hills on either side of the Hudson would melt down "with fervent heat." I told him I did not care when or how they burned,—that I was satisfied with "Christ in me, the hope of glory." My believing was to "the saving of the soul."

We may be satisfied as to many future events, as to their occurrence, but the time thereof cannot be known until they become history. Delusion fastens itself in the carnal mind, but

“grace and truth,” in all spiritual teaching, must be received *by faith*. The end of the world will come “as a thief in the night.” The spiritually minded may “discern the signs of the times,” and be assured, when that solemn event is drawing nigh. Watchfulness is enjoined for the purpose of preparedness necessary to meet the Lord when He comes. Did we know the exact time of the end it would hinder the proper watchfulness of faithful souls. That is wisely kept concealed, it would harm us to know it. It would darken our views of probation—hinder faith, that works by love—stifle the ardor of prayer—“make void the law”—damage the work of the Gospel—diminish our love for one another—work evil in temporal matters—and, if possible, blur the brightness of the crown of life. We ought always to be cautious how we receive opinions that are *new*, by which good men are thrown into the shade, disregarding the established order of things, and tending to cause divisions in the Church of Christ.

CHAPTER VII.

ITINERANCY ON FOOT, CONTINUED.

"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."—I. Cor. i. 21.

THE New Jersey Conference was held in 1843, in *New Brunswick*, N. J. The members of our class were ordained Deacons by Bishop Morris, April 30th, which was *my birthday*. My appointment that year was to Stanhope Circuit without colleague. The circuit had twelve preaching places.

At Conference I was entertained by my old friend, "John Helm," which was gratifying to us both. We talked over scenes of the past when we lived in Newark. Reminding him of good received from his teachings, he wept, in humility. Brother Helm was a good man, and wise to win souls.

Hon. Peter Smith, of Waterloo, sent teams

to move my family and goods. Brother Smith was a steward, and leader in the Church, taking great interest in religious matters. Being always given to cheerfulness, his generous heart wreathed his countenance in benignant smiles. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." I also remember his father with gratitude. Gen. Smith loved the Church of his choice. Once, at a "Donation Visit" which was for my benefit, he handed me a roll of bills larger than usual on such occasions, for which I made an earnest acknowledgment, but he reproved me, saying, "*Be still. You know it is all right!*"

My walks were long in this field of labor. Many times after breakfast, I walked from Stanhope to Sparta, twelve miles, preached, dined, and then walked to Hopewell, six miles, preaching again. After supper, walked to Milton, three miles, and preached at night, making twenty-one miles for the day's travel. I know that this was too much "bodily exercise," but I am not now sorry for it.

Let no one think to do good in Christ's cause

without sacrifice. Some one might say, "Why did you not have a horse?" There are many reasons : —First, I had not money to buy one. Second, my income was not sufficient to support one. Third, love to my neighbor would not allow me to tax him for my convenience. Fourth, I was better off, every way ; had better health, better enjoyment, better friends.

Within the bounds of the circuit was the popular resort, now called "*Lake Hopatcong*," then "*Brooklyn Pond*." In the Winter of 1844 it was frozen over, and I had a sleigh-ride over its smooth surface. The wind blew from the north almost a gale, and we rode south, perhaps I might rather say flew, before the furious blast. Never again do I wish to move so swiftly through this world. The horse was lame for a number of days as the consequence of swift traveling over the unyielding ice. Some fish that during this winter were caught in the lake were made a present to me, frozen, and apparently in an inanimate state. They were curved and out of their natural shape, and rattled like chips on the floor. I put them in

a bucket of water and in a few minutes they were all alive and flouncing.

The lake is surrounded with beautiful romantic scenery in the summer months.

My field of labor was large, and I often walked long distances through the forests. On Saturday afternoon I would walk to "*Berkshire Valley*," preach in the evening in the school-house, and stay with brother Dickerson. On Sabbath morning preached at Hurdtown, and after dinner walked to Sparta and preached at night.

There was a man on the circuit who kept a distillery. He contributed to the support of the Gospel. One day I had a long talk with him, during which I expostulated with him on the nefarious business in which he was engaged. I told him of his responsibility and the destiny that awaited him, when he should be made to eat the fruit of his own doings. All seemed to no purpose. He did not drink himself, nor his family, but many of his neighbors were made drunkards. An old Methodist man, bald-headed, who looked like a seer, approached him one day

and said : "Sir, I have been praying for some time to have the privilege from God to come and *set fire to your still*. When I have a favorable answer, I will come and burn you out !" The rum-maker was very angry. It was only a few years afterwards, that one of his sons, employed in the abominable establishment, contracted an appetite for strong drink, and in a fit of delirium tremens, hung himself !

My preaching place was near the distillery. I always led class after preaching ; our people required it, for preachers, they thought, have an easy life, and ought to be willing to help the leaders. Sometimes I had to walk from Hurdtown to Longwood, to preach there on week-night. I wore thick leather boots over my pants, as a protection against rattlesnakes, which abounded in those parts. Though shocked by their presence I never received a bite from one, for which I was thankful. I saw foxes and heard them bark ; but they gave me no trouble. The year 1843 was what was called "*locust year*," and these insects filled the woods with a noise that would drown conversation.

During this year the springs were very low ; so much so, that *Hopatcong Lake* was lower than the oldest inhabitants had ever known it before. I walked along the shore down to the water's edge, and found rude specimens of broken crockery left by the Indians that once lived in the vicinity. Five pickerel were put in the waters of the lake at that period for the first time. What quantities have come therefrom ! The great fish in this world eat up the little ones, in more senses than one, as some know to their sorrow.

Once, when preaching in brother Dickerson's house at *Longwood*, I was pointed in applying my discourse. These words were used : "Are there not some backslidden persons in this company ? Did not one of this assemblage once wield the sword of the Spirit in doing successful battle for God ? Have not some of you hung up your sword against the wall to rust in its scabbard ?" At this juncture, a tall man, venerable in appearance, cried out, "I am that man—O God, help me ! Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation ; then will I teach

transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee!" He was reclaimed, received license to exhort, and did efficient service in the Church.

There was a debt on our church at Sparta, of eight hundred dollars; and it was about being sold, at sheriff's sale. The trustees agreed to raise half, if I would raise the remainder. They raised their part, and inquired how I succeeded. I told them I had not obtained a dollar. After praying in the woods over the matter, I went to dine with *Andrew Rose*, who was wealthy. After dinner, we went into the parlor to pray, and talk of the goodness of God. When we arose he was considerably melted down, and I thought it was a favorable time for something to be done. I told him that time was flying fast, that he had a good wife, religion and wealth, and that his means should be used to save souls, and "lay up treasure in heaven." The tears trickled down his cheeks. I fell on my knees, saying "Let us pray." In my prayer the case of the Sparta Methodist Church was mentioned, "and that God was now

looking to see what brother Rose would do." After prayer I said, "Brother Rose, just give me a check on a Newton Bank, for four hundred dollars, to get the church out of this difficulty! Do it quickly, before Satan has time to cross your path!" He gave it at once—the trustees were glad, so was I. A gracious revival followed and souls were converted.

At Roseville, in a school-house, we held a protracted meeting for a few weeks, and an interesting revival was the result. Among the converts, which were mostly young people, was a man in middle age, by the name of *Hart*. He desired a visit from me, and I complied with his request. He was soundly converted, and wished advice how to conduct himself in all his domestic affairs. He was a farmer, and had an interesting family. I counseled him according to Gospel teaching. He manifested much love for me, and said, "*Brother Scarlett*, would you like to have trout for supper?" I replied in the affirmative. He procured a baited hook and line, let it down *into his deep well*, and brought up a large trout, then another

was taken in the same way. The water in the well was excellent, and brother Hart kept the trout in the well, to purify the water.

In the spring of 1844, our Conference met at *Trenton, N. J.*; and I was returned to Stanhope with a colleague Samuel D. Lougheed. *Bishop Hedding* was in the chair most of the time. During this session I saw for the first and last time *Bishop Soule*. He was a noble specimen of a man in appearance, and I heard an address from him that manifested his powerful mind. The duty was laid upon me, one afternoon during Conference, to preach. I selected as my text, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Psalm xiv. 1.

With my colleague, who was an agreeable associate, I labored in harmony. In referring to 1844 we are always painfully reminded of the unhappy division, in the M. E. Church, and the organization of the "*M. E. Church South!*" The curse of slavery was the cause; and God, through blood, has wiped that out forever. The church at Stanhope was built during that year.

I held meetings in a schoolhouse at *Hope-well* for two weeks, each afternoon and night, resulting in fourteen conversions. A class was organized, of which brother John Bonker was made leader. They said, that I was the first who preached in that vicinity. They burned charcoal, and I bore the *black marks*, while laboring among them! But *white robes* were anticipated, as the reward. The Holy Spirit took powerful hold of the wife of the tavern-keeper. She was a true lady, and favored the revival. One stormy night, when the snow came down in a fast and driving manner, the meeting was postponed from one afternoon to the next. I was sent for by the landlord, to be entertained at the tavern. I went, and there were about thirty young people, male and female, and a good fiddler, named Strait, "To gie me music was his charge." He played some lively tunes, and the tavern-keeper had "a merry twinkle in his eye" as he smiled upon his audience, intimating that the Methodist preacher is done for now! I told the fiddler, to "play away! Play the 'Devil's dream!' or anything

else he liked." After awhile I seized the remains of an abused Bible, which lay on the mantelpiece, and said, "You have been pleased to entertain me in this public manner, Mr. Landlord. I am grateful to you, and this company, and feel that I would like to make the best possible return. Please listen to some of the wise sayings of this Old Book, a favorite with good people." I selected a portion from Proverbs and said, "Now, listen to what God speaks." I read a chapter, and requested all to kneel, while I prayed for them—for the *landlord* especially. My congregations were increased by what had happened, that winter, and God's work progressed.

Our Conference held its session, during the spring of 1845, in *Mount Holly*. It fell to my lot to preach one evening in the church. Among my hearers were two notable men, *Rev. William Barns* and *Rev. "Billy Hibbard,"* as he was usually called. They are both gone to their reward. On Sabbath morning, April 27th, 1845, at Pemberton, in company with my classmates,

I was ordained Elder by *Bishop Janes*. My appointment that year was to Belvidere. Belvidere was a pleasant place of residence, the people were kind, and we had a good parsonage.

The church stood then quite out of town, which doubtless interfered with the prosperity of the society. It is important to have churches properly located. Location has its effect on our thoughts and feelings. The new church, since erected, is eligibly situated.

While in this charge my traveling was not so much as formerly. There were no week evening appointments to call me from home, yet I preached three times on each Sabbath, morning and evening in the town, and in the afternoon across the Delaware, in Pennsylvania, in a schoolhouse. I enjoyed it; but *three times a day* is too much for any one to preach the year round.

In 1846 the New Jersey Conference was held in *Newark, N. J.*, in the New Church, Clinton street. Five years had fled since I had separated from friends to enter the itinerary, and it was

pleasant to meet them again. Many of my old acquaintances had been converted, and religion never abates true friendship.

I heard the late *Rev. Dr. Durbin* preach but once in my life, and I think it was during this Conference. When he commenced, it reminded me of a quiet lake or sea, calm as a May morning, with not a ripple on its smooth, sky-reflecting-waters. Toward the close of his sermon, his eyes assumed a strange brilliancy, and his mind was like the ocean lashed into commotion by the tempest. Waves of mighty thought rolled majestically ! He swayed the large congregation irresistibly. Dr. Durbin was one of the most wonderful preachers of his day.

While on the subject of preaching, let me observe that the preacher needs the Holy Ghost in him to help him to preach, not to clear him from the duty of studying his sermons in advance, but to vividly impress him with the spiritual meaning of God's Word, and to control his emotional nature. The Spirit is needed also, to properly read the Scriptures and hymns from the pulpit. In revival work I have had

success in preaching—first, the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent; second, the necessity of regeneration; third, the requirement of entire sanctification. God has graciously owned the Word. True, there is persecution from the world, and formal professors, awaiting all “who live godly in Christ Jesus.” The devil and his friends will never cease hating holiness. Seeking to please men, especially polite sinners, in pulpit ministrations, has done great damage to the cause of Christ. The idea that the advanced state of the arts and sciences, and modern refinements, are to change, or set aside the plain doctrines taught by Christ and His apostles, is preposterous.

During my ministry at Belvidere we held no long protracted meetings, yet there were conversions each year. Among the converts were my two daughters and the son of one of the principal members of the Church, Samuel T. Dickinson, whom I have always considered one of my best friends and a devoted Christian. His house had long been noted as the preacher’s hospitable home. When his son was converted, how his

smiles and tears were intermingled, expressing his heart's emotions! He prayed ardently that God would grant that the time might come when he should hear the Gospel from his son's lips which request was gratified. *Rev. George F. Dickinson* of the Newark Conference is the converted boy, who has so rejoiced the hearts of his praying parents. In this case the son and the parents are both honored. Let praying parents be encouraged.

In the conversion of my eldest daughter, *Mary Elizabeth*, there was something worthy of notice. She was of an amiable disposition, and inclined to be good from a child. Some might have thought she was a Christian, and did not need a change of heart. She did, however, and lustily shouted the praise of God when converted. She had never looked so well in my eyes as when she was kneeling at that oaken bench, on the uncarpeted floor of the old school-house, crying and shouting when realizing the great salvation. Some years afterward, she wrote and sent the following to the *Christian Advocate*, which was inserted :

CONVERSION OF A PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

"It is almost four years since the Lord first spoke peace to my soul and bade me sin no more. With a young companion I had gone to spend the afternoon with two of our young acquaintances; one of them a Methodist, the other, like ourselves, unacquainted with the pardoning love of Jesus. We spent the afternoon pleasantly together. At a schoolhouse about two miles off, a protracted meeting was being held. Father, on his way to preach that evening, called in and took tea with us. I asked him if I might go to meeting with the girls. He said I might, if I would try to have my soul converted. While on our way, one of the girls remarked that the mourners were to meet at half-past six o'clock; and, as we were quite early, she was afraid we would be taken for mourners. She said this laughing. Then, turning to her sister, said, 'Effy, why don't you talk to us about religion? You know what Brother S. said.' (At the table father had told her to take up her cross, and urge upon the girls the importance of conversion.)

"How merciful the Lord was to us while we were going the downward road! O, how often I think of it! The sermon preached that evening was from Heb. vi. 17, 18. I listened to it with some attention. I felt that I was a sinner. My sins were brought in black array before me. Without forgiveness I knew I must be lost. Prayers of pious parents and friends could not save me. They could avail nothing so long as I refused to come to Christ, my only refuge. I was ready to say, with the poet:

'Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel.'

"I realized my need of a Saviour, and without the love of God shed abroad in my heart I must be miserable in time and in eternity. During the sermon my stubborn heart began to melt, but as yet I did not feel willing to make the sacrifice and go forward publicly to the mourner's bench. The invitation being given, father came and talked to the one sitting beside me, who was weeping bitterly. He asked her to go forward for prayers. After awhile he turned

to me, requesting me to go with her. At first I felt angry with her for being so weak-minded, as I thought. It appeared very humbling to go and kneel before the whole congregation, and more especially before my unconverted companions. I wished I had stayed at home. I felt miserable. How stubborn, how rebellious is the sinner's heart until changed by the grace of God!

"I went forward, however, that night, notwithstanding the suggestions of the adversary of my soul. I had not long been seeking in this humble way, before the Lord spoke peace to my soul. But it was not until I could say in my heart :

'I the chief of sinners am ;
But Jesus died for me !'

"I then felt willing to give up all my young companions, for I no more thought of them as I had done before. I was resigned to consequences should I meet opposition. All my thoughts were centered on Christ, and when I came to the point of giving up, of forgiving all

injuries, doing anything and everything for Jesus' sake, then I received the witness that I was a child of God. When I arose from where I had been kneeling, and looked upon all around me, how different did everything appear! But a short time before, all bore an aspect as dismal and dark as my own heart. Now all things seemed to rejoice in a risen Saviour. I knew that Jesus had pardoned my sins, and that I was at peace with God the Father. While on my way home, I was filled unutterably full of glory and of God."

My youngest daughter, *Sarah*, was converted through hearing her sister's testimony at class-meeting.

A case occurred that will go to illustrate how much need there is of young converts receiving just such instruction as is likely to be given in the class-room. A man, largely engaged in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, living a short distance from Belvidere, across the Delaware, in the State of Pennsylvania, was converted at a camp-meeting that I attended. He

abandoned the nefarious business, and had a church built near his residence, sharing largely in paying for it.

Brother T., we will call him, was made class-leader, and was very useful. God wonderfully blessed him in his work. A revival was in progress, which was largely attributable to his instrumentality. Things were going on well, as I heard from time to time. I had preached in the church, both at the dedication and in revival meetings, and was entertained at Brother T's house. That winter, one afternoon, he came to see me, as he said, on important business. Nothing else would do, but I must return home with him for the night. He looked very solemn, never once smiling. We crossed the Delaware without a word of explanation why he urged me to accompany him so importunately. At length he broke the silence, thus: "*Brother Scarlett*, do Christians profanely swear?" "O, no!" I replied. He wept, exclaiming, "I have been too fast in joining the Church—O, I have disgraced it." "How so?" I inquired. "Let me know how this came to pass." With streaming

eyes he held up a finger, bound up with a white patch, spotted with blood, and said, "I was driving the pigs yesterday to the barn, when *one bit my finger*; and before I had time to think I dropped a *profane word*. I cannot be a Christian, sir!" "What did you do immediately after uttering that wicked word?" "I ran home, went up into my room, and fell on my knees before God, asking forgiveness," said he. "What was your habit before your conversion?" I asked. "How were you affected then, when profane words fell from your lips?" "I thought nothing of it," he replied. "Now, you see, my brother, that you have a change of heart. It is a *praying heart*, and is opposed to drifting down the current of *sinful profanity*. You are a Christian, and your new-born nature has been 'overtaken in a fault' and may never be again—now you are restored." That night, after supper, we went to class together—he obtained complete victory, and we had a joyous time in the Lord. The last I heard of Brother G. T., he was happy in religion, and in good standing in the Church.

The fallen nature of man and the grace of

God are of opposite moral tendencies. When man is left entirely to himself his character is "only evil, continually." When he is *partially* sanctified, good and evil at times alternately prevail. When the believer is entirely sanctified the good has undisputed sway. This doctrine is never brought into conflict with any fact, revealed or experienced.

Our Conference convened in 1847, in *Salem*, N. J. In the rear of the church was a "grave-yard," and I was shown the resting-place of the noted *Benjamin Abbott*, a name precious in the annals of New Jersey Methodism. What power he had with God in prayer ! How successful he was in preaching the gospel ! It was not talent, nor learning, that made him famous in his high calling. Are we to admire such instruments, so signally owned of God, as we do the cataract of Niagara ? Is that what God raises them up for ? By no means. Our interest should be to follow them as they followed Christ ; to imitate their example, in faith, humility, love, and holy zeal.

During the Conference I heard *Rev. Dr. Noah Levings* preach a sermon of unusual unc-

tion. It was, indeed, edifying, and soul refreshing. He realized, and so did his hearers, that God had called and qualified him for his work, and he was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

In taking leave of the dear friends at Belvidere, much tenderness of feeling was manifested. We hope to meet them in a world where parting is not provided for in the arrangement.

My next appointment was to *Madison circuit*, with Rev. J. W. Barrett as my colleague. The charge embraced four churches, as Sabbath appointments, beside week-night preaching places. The first winter there was a powerful revival in Madison. Seventy or more were converted in three weeks—my son among the number. Rev. Henry Sewell and Rev. John E. Hancock were also among the subjects. Both are now members of Annual Conferences. The revival was a genuine work, attended with lasting effects. Our helpers were our own local preachers, exhorters, and praying men and women. From my long experience I am in favor of our own people working in revivals. The converts

will reap greater benefit than when strangers are employed, who, sometimes, estrange the hearts of the converts from the pastor and working members, by invidious comparisons.

There were some interesting conversions in other parts of the circuit. In Whippany, Chatham, and Green Village, the Lord was with us in revival-power, and souls were born into the kingdom.

CHAPTER VIII.

ABUNDANT LABORS, TRIALS, AND TRIUMPHS.

"That he which persecuted us in times past, now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."—Gal. i. 23.

THE Conference in 1849 was held in Burlington, N. J. The pastorate of the Church at Mariners' Harbor, S. I., was committed to me. The cholera raged fearfully this year in New York and contiguous places, and many on Staten Island fell victims.

On June 3d, being prostrated by fever, my physician prescribed *brandy*, which I refused to take. He said death would likely result if it were not used. My reply was, "*Then let me die sober!*" My nervous system was so affected that a week was passed without sleep. Opiates were administered, which had a strange effect.

This illness gave me a *vacation* of three weeks, the only one I ever enjoyed, or *endured*! The

people were kind, but in consequence of impaired health, my pastorate at Mariner's Harbor terminated at the end of the year. Some conversions occurred, however, during my brief stay, which are gratefully remembered. The Church has since become strong and prosperous, and a costly edifice has been erected on an eligible site.

During a revival meeting held by me, in this place, there were some remarkable conversions. A captain who was much prejudiced against Methodists, had gone to Virginia for oysters. His wife, attending the service, presented herself for prayers. Persons who knew her husband said, "*Dominie*, look out, the captain will settle with you if his wife is converted!" She was happily converted, and some trouble was expected. One Sabbath morning he was seated in the pew by the side of his wife. He gazed upon me intently while preaching, and the tears coursed down the cheeks of his wife. The sermon being ended, he approached the pulpit, giving me somewhat of a tremor. Asking liberty to speak, he said, "Last night, on re-

turning home, I found my wife had attended the protracted meeting, and had been converted. I tell you it nearly overcame me, and I said to her, ‘Now you can go your way and I will go mine. I will not live with a Methodist wife. Give me my things and I will go back to my boat!’ I started, all the while, however, feeling worse and worse. I became alarmed lest death might overtake me before morning, and returned home, knocking at the door, and begging my wife to let me in. On entering, I cried out, ‘*O, pray for me!*’ She said, ‘I have been praying ever since you left.’ It was then midnight, but there was no rest for me. I aroused a Methodist neighbor, who labored with me until I was converted. Let me shake hands with the preacher, for I am happy in religion!’ So his opposition was conquered, and he loved his wife and family more than ever. The ire and threatenings of wicked men should never intimidate God’s people.

One afternoon, on announcing the text, “Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat,” an unconverted

man in the congregation gave a quick, impulsive start, attracting general attention. He was very uneasy until the sermon closed. The fact of his name being "*Simon*" did not enter my mind. Whether the strange coincidence, making him the observed of all observers, had a saving effect, we did not learn.

It might have been supposed that the ravages of the cholera at this time would have had a restraining influence upon the wicked—but it was the reverse. When neighbors were suddenly stricken by death, they did not regard it seriously. The steamboats on the bay, continually passing our door, were crowded with thoughtless, hilarious people, giving themselves to frolic and dancing. It was reliably stated that, on one occasion, a party, after dancing, *personified cholera patients in their dying agonies, for the amusement of the giggling throng!* This prevalent indifference gave me much solicitude for the souls of the people, and led me to fidelity in warning and entreating them to be reconciled to God. One man remarked that if he were in my place he would not trouble himself about other folks,

so long as he was safe himself. How selfish is the unrenewed heart !

Calls were received to assist in revival services in New York, Newark, and other places during the winter—souls were saved, and this made my heart rejoice. One evening I remarked that seekers would be converted, if they resolved to do right, notwithstanding salvation was by faith. Next day, a person who had been seeking the Lord with tears, called upon me, and said : “About five years ago I wronged an individual out of five dollars—does that hinder my salvation?” I replied, “Yes; send the principal with interest to the person, and you will soon find Christ.” He followed the instruction, was speedily converted, and preached the Gospel a number of years before he died.

Every test to which Bible religion is subjected, rightly understood, proves it to be of God, as certainly as nature declares Him to be the Creator. “Be not deceived, God is not mocked ; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” It is useless to try to be a Christian if a man will not “do justly.” Determin-

ing to do right, as far as known, a man may confidently call on God, through Christ, and be saved. Nothing on earth more certainly demonstrates its divine origin than true religion. Jesus manifests himself to all true believers, satisfactorily. He reverses the tendencies of their moral natures so that, instead of finding joy in sinful pleasures, their joy is in the Lord. Suppose a river which had been running due north, should be suddenly changed to a southward course. Reason would say that such an effect must have an adequate cause. Now, man can no more change his moral character than a river can change its course. But true Christians have renewed hearts and lives, and it is by the operation of the Spirit of God.

During this year I kept a diary. A few extracts will show how busy is the life of a Gospel itinerant.

The last night of the year 1849 was spent at a watch-meeting in Greene Street Church, New York, Rev. D. Smith, pastor, preaching on the preparations necessary for the coming year.

Tuesday, January 1. Cold day. Devoted it

to pastoral visiting. Related my experience in the evening.

Wednesday, 2. Left New York for Newark; preached this evening for Rev. I. N. Felch, in Franklin Street Church.

Thursday, 3. Visited to-day Sister Murphy, dying with consumption, and another suffering with cancer; prayed with them.

Friday, 4. In company with Brother Felch, made pastoral visits. Preached in the evening; favorable tokens in the prayer meeting.

Saturday, 5. Returned home; found all well. O, to be more thankful and faithful!

Sabbath, 6. A bright, pleasant day. Preached in my own pulpit thrice; in the afternoon a large and serious congregation.

Tuesday, 8. Visited Joseph Lake, an invalid; conversed and prayed with him. He wept and said, "My sufferings are great, but God is right in permitting them."

Sabbath, 13. Preached morning and afternoon. Had said in one sermon that "*backsliders are double-dyed*," which excited some wonderment.

Tuesday, 15. Visited Brother Lake, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Decker, and others, conversing on religion. Preached this evening *severely* to an attentive congregation. Devising means to liquidate church debt.

Wednesday, 16. Our whole family visited at Brother Drake's. Profitable conversation. Talked with Mrs. C—— and Mrs. V—— on vain amusements.

Sabbath, 20. Preached thrice to large congregations; married a couple in the evening.

Wednesday, 23. Rev. G. Hughes preached tonight to a very attentive congregation.

Thursday, 24. Walked with Brother Hughes to see Rev. L. R. Dunn. Dined with Brother Decker. Brother Dunn provided a conveyance in the evening, and Brother H. preached to attentive hearers.

Friday, 25. Heard of the death of Rev. R. Lanning. Preached at night to a serious congregation.

Sabbath, February 3. Preached in the afternoon on Peter's sermon, and at night on Paul's. The devil and his friends were uneasy. They will suffer loss.

Tuesday, 5. A great disaster in New York; steam boiler explosion; much excitement.

Wednesday, 6. Preached at the funeral of R. Egbert, killed at the accident in New York yesterday. Friends bowed down with grief. Gave my experience in the evening.

Sabbath, 10. Quarterly meeting. Elder Winner preached in the afternoon and administered the sacrament.

Saturday, March 2. Went with my son and his wife to New York; visited a sister called "Aunt Caty;" Sister Baker, an itinerant's widow, was there; had a gracious time in social prayer.

Wednesday, 6. Visited Rev. J. B. Wakeley in Jersey City. Met Rev. Dr. J. McClintock there, and his father, an old-fashioned Methodist. Temperance meeting, at which I was to speak, post-

poned on account of rain; sorry to be hindered, even by water.

Thursday, 7. Heard of the arrival of a cousin, Ann Bentley, and husband, from Mexico. Glad greeting! Preached this evening for Brother Wakeley; felt divine influence.

Sabbath, 10. Early this morning our next-door neighbor fired off a gun; Sabbath desecration shows depravity. Gave a Scripture exposition to Sabbath-school this morning; preached afternoon and night.

Wednesday, April 3. Attended the dedication of Brother Dunn's church at Springville; heard sermons by Bishop Janes, and Brothers Ellison and D. W. Bartine.

Friday, 12. Received word that the engineer of the steamboat had been instantly killed.

Sabbath, 14. Preached on Christian Perfection to-night, for the last time this Conference year, at Mariners' Harbor.

Tuesday, 16. Went to Conference at Camden. Entertained at Brother Sharp's. We had three Vans there—N. Vanhorne, N. Vansant, C. S. Vancleave.

Wednesday, 17. Conference opened by Bishop Hedding; Bishops Waugh and Janes present. I think the promising minister, Brother Jno. Parker, was severely dealt with. Preaching this evening by Father Boehm.

Thursday, 18. Preached to night in new church, South Camden; many preachers present. Had liberty.

About ten years after that sermon, I

received a letter from a preacher in the South, stating that he heard it, and attributed his conversion to it.

Friday, 19. An extraordinary sermon tonight by D. F. Reed.

Sabbath, 21. In Philadelphia. Preached in Salem Church in the morning. Took tea with Brother G. G. Cookman's widow. Preached at night for Brother Alfred Cookman in Kensington. Crowded church.

Monday, 22. Heard Drs. Holdich, McClintonck and Durbin make excellent missionary addresses.

Tuesday, 23. Visited "Fairmount" and "Girard" College. Made temperance address this evening in Temperance Hall.

Thursday, 25. Conference adjourned. My appointment: Allentown Circuit, J. B. Hill, colleague. The circuit has four churches, and one school-house appointment.

Tuesday, 30. My birthday. Started for Hightstown, place of future residence. Had a pleasant trip through "The Narrows."

Tuesday, May 2. My colleague, J. B. Hill, arrived. Many called to make our acquaintance.

Sabbath, 5. Preached this morning for first time in Hightstown, and led class. Rainy day.

Tuesday, 7. Visited a poor sick man, who desired me to read the Bible and pray with him. He gave signs of penitence.

Wednesday, 8. Buried the man whom I visited yesterday. Shall I see him again? How frail is man!

Sabbath, 19. Preached in Allentown this morning, and Sharon in the afternoon. After sermon, a man in liquor cried after me along the road, "I will never drink any more, but will serve God!" Preached in Allentown at night.

Monday, 20. Made calls with Brother Hill, in Allentown. Brother H. gives much promise; is without guile.

Tuesday, 21. Rode home with Brother W. Foster, an old-fashioned Methodist—the best kind, I think. Enjoyed his conversation.

Wednesday, 22. In company with Brothers Morrison and Hankinson visited the widow of Gen. Cook. Had a profitable season.

Friday, 24. Fast-day. I find it beneficial to soul and body. Have peace with God, but not enough of His life and power.

Saturday, 25. Not thankful enough. O, for more of the mind that was in Jesus! O, God, let thy spirit be in me more manifestly!

Sabbath, 26. Walked through the rain to Allentown and preached. Sharp lightning and loud thunder during the service. It was inspiring. Rode with Brother Bowman, a local preacher, to Clarksburg, and preached at night.

Monday, 27. Tarried till one o'clock with Brother Bowman. Walked home, stopping at Brother Sill's for supper. Enjoyed my solitary walk home. The playful rabbits, nimble squirrels, and singing birds, delighted me.

Sabbath, June 2. Preached twice in Hights-town. Good feeling. Also at Centreville in the afternoon. People heard attentively—good will follow.

Saturday, 8. Much thunder last night. Two weeks ago, to-day, Rev. J. N. Maffitt, at Mobile, Ala., and Jacob Gruber, at Lewistown, Pa., died; both notable men.

Monday, 11. With Brother Hill visited Mrs. Johnston, widow of a leading member, and mother-in-law of Rev. S. W. Hilliard. Brother Hilliard was there, and we were hospitably entertained.

Saturday, 15. Happy among this people. especially profitable to visit Rev. R. E. Morrison, a supernumerary, and family.

Sabbath, 16. Started to walk to Allentown, was taken up in a carriage. Preached and went home with Brother J. West, remaining till Monday.

Saturday, July 6. Quarterly meeting at Centreville. Rev. J. K. Shaw, P. E., preached.

Sabbath, 21. Held love-feast and preached in Allentown. A good, simple-hearted, colored brother said: "My brethren, I am determined to make sure work for heaven—that is, if I live and keep my health and strength." *If not—what then?*

Wednesday, September 18. Have commenced to write a book, viz.: "*The Converted Infidel.*" I pray for divine aid, without which all is vain.

Saturday, 21. A delightful morning! Spiritual strength renewed. Thinking of to-morrow's labors—to preach three times. It is a weariness to soul and body. Many constitutions break down under it. Did the great Geo. Whitefield die prematurely?

My salary on this circuit was larger than heretofore, being *three hundred and fifty dollars*. The subject of support was never mentioned in the pulpit. Rev. J. K. Shaw, Presiding Elder, was an excellent man, and called "*a great beggar*." Just before the last quarterly meeting, we informed the stewards of what we had received, preparatory to a settlement of accounts. A present of a suit of clothes had been made to Brother Hill, and to myself eleven dollars and other presents, in addition to our regular allowance. Brother Shaw preached a powerful sermon on Sabbath morning at the Quarterly Meeting, and then began to beg for the preachers, but no response. Turning to me, he asked : "Brother Scarlett, how much are you behind?" "They have *overpaid* us already," was my reply. How disappointed he was !

In 1851, Conference met in Jersey City. At this time my acquaintance with Rev. Dr. Mattison commenced, whom I ever afterward held in high esteem. He was able, laborious, eloquent, and unaffected. His views of entire sanctification did not accord with mine, but he certainly

evinced the spirit of his Master, and was zealous in his cause. On the Conference Sabbath, Brother M. preached, to my pleasure and profit. Why I could not assent to his teachings on holiness was, that they antagonized my experience. No argument outside of my experience could change my views. He had no experience contradicting mine, nor did mine contradict his—but his theory did not harmonize with my experience, nor with that of Christians generally. We will agree in heaven.

During Conference an address of remarkable zeal and energy was delivered by a minister stationed in New York. Being considerably emaciated, my pity was excited, thinking he would soon wear himself out. But *Rev. R. S. Foster*, now Bishop Foster, is far from being worn out yet.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

It was ordered that I should return to Allentown circuit for another year. God's special favor was shown in giving me such a co-laborer as Brother E. W. Adams, to follow Brother Hill,

who was appointed to Cranbury, and in six months thereafter was sent as a missionary to California to brave the hardships incident to pioneer-life among Indians and others. Brother Hill is now our book agent in San Francisco.

God's work was revived on the charge this year at all points, especially in Hightstown, where divine power was wonderfully manifested. Universalism had a strong hold among the people there. The prominent men had means, social position, and were moral, in the main. The Gospel batteries were brought to bear against their errors, faithfully. My colleague was a good singer, and God was with us of a truth. Numbers were prostrated under Divine power, at times, which troubled some people. We said, however, let God have His own way with us—He knows what to do and how to do it. More than once have I lost my own strength when in an agony of prayer. The philosophy of this has not specially engaged my thoughts, being indisposed to profitless speculations. The Universalists having a church in the town were often led to converse with me. They referred

to the ability of their preacher in high terms, which I did not dispute.

One Friday night, a penitent Universalist went from our church along the street, crying, "*O Lord, have mercy on my soul!*" They came to tell me that we Methodists were making our church a nuisance. My reply was, that the noisy one was a *Universalist*, and that when he was converted he would no longer cry in the streets, but behave as Methodists did usually. He became a happy Christian.

One morning, five Universalists called to expostulate with me respecting what they called "*my bigotry*," in not treating them as Christians. In reply I proposed that we should ask each other certain questions, to which they assented. "Ask me," I said, first—"If I am born again?" which they did, receiving my answer, "Yes." The question was then propounded to each of them, and they answered, "No!" Second—"Do you believe I am born again?" I asked, and they answered, "No!"

"Now, gentlemen," I said, "you see where the bigotry is. I am only one, and without re-

serve accept your testimony—and you, five in number, unanimously reject mine." They retired, apparently discomfited. Some of this people were converted and united with our Church.

Whatever doctrine we hold, as an article of faith, which does not lead men to Christ, is false. Has Universalism, Unitarianism, or Swedenborgianism, in entire separation from evangelical orthodoxy, ever brought sinners to Christ, to know His converting energy? Has the power of the Holy Ghost ever been acknowledged among them? Have they ever experienced a revival, in essential features corresponding with Pentecost? A Church unvisited by the revival spirit, with no radical conversions, no spiritual rejoicing, and no pantings for pentecostal effusions, is indeed destitute of New Testament life and power.

CHAPTER IX.

WORKING FOR THE MASTER. CHEERING RESULTS.

"For we are laborers together with God."—I. Cor. ii. 9.

CONFERENCE met in 1852 in Trenton, N. J., Bishop Janes presiding. He appeared weary from overwork. Bishop Hedding having died during the session, Bishop Janes preached a funeral sermon. Rev. Dr. Charles Pitman was with us for the last time. How changed, physically, from what he was twenty years before, when his soul-arresting appeals won me to Christ! But his work was done, and he soon entered upon his reward.

Red Bank, N. J., was the charge allotted to me this year. It was a small town beautifully situated on the Shrewsbury river. "Rumsum" was attached as an afternoon appointment. I had no colleague; hence, preaching three times

on the Sabbath was still my lot. Our eldest daughter having married, our family was reduced to three. Good friends gathered around, helping me in my labors, whose memory is precious—among them Brothers Sanford, Spinning, and Borden, who have gone to rest with Jesus. There were three local preachers: Brothers Child, Bancock, and Earle. Their upturned faces encouraged me while preaching. My predecessor, Rev. A. E. Ballard, made us a number of friendly visits, and we learned to esteem him highly. Once, when we were seated under the trees, on the banks of the Shrewsbury, engaged in conversation on Christian experience, he asked, "Do you believe in the doctrine of entire sanctification?" "Certainly," I replied. "Did you ever experience that blessing?" he inquired. With humility and joy, I answered, "I have." He said he had been somewhat perplexed in regard to this matter—but with emphasis remarked, "I believe *you*, and the doctrine *too*, and by the help of God intend to profit by this conversation."

Is it not a wonder that there are so few in

the Church who have the experience of perfect love? Why should any Christian be satisfied with less? Is not Christ the Author and the Finisher of saving faith? The Author, by revealing to us all the truth to be believed. The Finisher, by working in us, "to will and to do of God's good pleasure." Confessing heart-purity is simply confessing Christ. Christ saves His people from their sins. When we witness to this grace of full salvation, we simply testify to His faithfulness in fulfilling His promises. If a benevolent person, who was never known to deviate from truth, should give you a thousand dollars, in accordance with a promise made, would you be a faithful witness in saying that he gave but one dollar? Certainly not. And shall we deal with our Saviour less justly than with our fellow-man? God forbid!

The congregations at Red Bank and Rumsun heard the whole truth preached, as God gave ability, and the divine sanction was given.

A man of respectability and morality, whose wife and daughter were members of our Church, said to me, "If you preach about hell, I shall

cease coming to hear you." Brother Spinning, who was near, replied, "Do you expect us to have a Methodist preacher here who will not preach Methodist doctrines?" No sinner, to my knowledge, ever repented of his sins while denying the plain teaching of the Bible on the subject of eternal punishment.

There was an able lawyer living near Red Bank, eccentric, shrewd, and always at home in court. Being asked on a certain occasion why he came to hear me preach, when there were other ministers in the place of greater ability, replied, that he was so great a sinner that, when he heard preaching, he desired to feel *as though the devil was after him with a red-hot pitchfork!* Observing him in the congregation one Sabbath evening, and knowing his habit of using profane language, I took occasion to speak against the evil plainly, thus: "Swearing is ungrammatical, and is against wisdom, reason, common sense and good manners. It is unbecoming in all places and at all times." On returning home after meeting, my lawyer friend walked alongside of me and taking out his pocketbook, handed

me a two-dollar bill, saying, "*Dominie, I guess I owe you that much for your appropriate sermon!*"

Some excellent members of the "Society of Friends" were brought to my acquaintance in Red Bank. Their unfaltering regard for truth and honesty, and their carefulness in word and conduct, were characteristics that challenged my admiration. Whatever promises they made were fulfilled. They manifested their friendliness by contributing to my support. Once, being invited to officiate at the funeral of a member of their society, by request, these words were used as the basis of remarks: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John i. 4. They expressed satisfaction with the manner of conducting the service. The silence prevailing during the act of burial rendered the scene solemn and impressive.

A preacher belonging to "The Friends" preached in our church on a certain Sabbath. Standing in the altar, he discoursed to a crowded congregation. The power of God attended his ministrations, and the people were edified.

The Temperance cause was promoted during

this year, by the efficient labors of Rev. Enoch Knowles, a local preacher of superior ability. Brother Knowles was a man of sterling Christian character, and the people had implicit confidence in him. Possessing accurate knowledge of human nature, a genial spirit, and ever bearing a bright Christian countenance, rendered him eminently successful in the Master's cause.

During the winter of our first year in Red Bank, my wife had a severe illness. The neighbors were remarkably kind. One lady, however, with more good feeling than prudence, said, in the hearing of my sick wife, "I don't think she will get well; she has the same symptoms as a person who died in our street the other day!" She was told privately that her sympathy was appreciated, but such discouraging words were harmful. It is a singular fact that some persons have the bad faculty of taking the gloomy side of every question on which they are pleased to converse. How much better to live in the sunshine!

Some fruitage attended the year's labors in the Church, in the conversion of sinners, the

reclaiming of backsliders, and the up-building of the membership in true holiness. The conversion of a certain lady whom I visited was quite remarkable. She was in ill-health, and had been treated by skilful physicians without success. She was urged to give her heart to Christ, and at length was soundly converted. From that time she needed no other remedy for her bodily complaint. Her nerves recovered their wonted tone, appetite was restored, and her heart rejoiced in God greatly. She united with our Church, became a lively member, and her testimony was often given, to the edification of the saints. Is not *sin-sickness* sometimes mistaken for bodily disease? Or, does not *soul-healing* often contribute largely to physical health?

The trustees purchased a parsonage during the year; it had six rooms, a large lot and garden, excellent well of water, and cost one thousand dollars. My salary was two hundred and seventy dollars—we were comfortable and thankful. The Annual Conference met in Bridgeton, N. J., in 1853. At that time, the official members of a more wealthy charge de-

sired to secure my appointment there, promising a larger salary. This offer I declined, convinced that the church at Red Bank favored my return, and the thought of having my appointment influenced by money considerations was decidedly against my conscience. I was accordingly returned to Red Bank, and was favored with a prosperous year.

During the summer, Rev. William Barns, of Philadelphia, preached for us at Rumsum, one Sabbath afternoon. His annual visits to friends at Long Branch, and able preaching, had given him wide fame. Arriving at the church at the appointed hour, I found it packed, and hundreds outside unable to gain entrance. Brother Barns was in the pulpit, and as soon as he saw me, called out, "Brother Scarlett, come up here on the walls of Zion, where you belong!" The singing was not to his notion, and he cried out, "Don't m-o-u-t-h those hymns of Charles Wesley--give them life and heart—that's what they were made for!" Notwithstanding his eccentricities, he was an eloquent and powerful preacher. During his sermon, he gave me a

smart stroke on my back with his hand, the effect of which remained until next day, exclaiming, "You are a God-made preacher, and no journeyman's work!" My impression was that he was a man of extraordinary ability, and a devout and holy Christian man.

A case occurred about this time showing how some err on the subject of entire sanctification, for lack of proper instruction concerning the blessed doctrine. Having preached on the subject on a certain Sabbath morning, a brother, not favored with clear apprehensions of Bible truth, called upon me on Monday. He had been a drunkard and pugilist, but through divine mercy had been recently converted. He came to converse with me on entire sanctification. "Brother Scarlett," said he, "is a man entirely sanctified when perfect love casts out all fear?" I answered, "Yes." He exclaimed, "Glory to God, I am sanctified!" Then he went on to explain, saying, "When D—— called you a hard name, complaining that you had converted his wife, I took him by the throat, threatening to throw him off the dock—and *was not*

afraid at all—perfect love had cast out all fear.
Glory to God, I am sanctified!"

"My brother, you are not sanctified," I said. Perfect love is not consistent with such a resentful disposition and acts." He went away better instructed, and it is to be hoped to enjoy a more intelligent acquaintance with the meek and lowly Jesus.

How much need there is, and ever has been, of a wholly sanctified membership in the Church of Christ. It has always been regarded as my solemn duty to preach the doctrine of Bible holiness, and to endeavor to exemplify it in daily life. This doctrine, it is certain, will never be popular with the world, nor with formal Christian professors. The most vital Bible truths are "disallowed of men." Such cases as the one above named, are seized upon eagerly by the opposers of entire sanctification as a "*second blessing*," to nullify, as far as may be, the testimony of those who have tasted of the heavenly gift, the joy of full salvation. But, it should ever be remembered that counterfeits

only prove the actual existence of genuine coin.

There was, in my life-experience, an intermingling of joy and sorrow, leading me to know, in some measure, the fellowship of Christ's sufferings.

In the fall of this year my son's wife died, and the stricken husband was disconsolate beyond measure, notwithstanding his companion had a triumphant departure, in full hope of joys eternal. Their orphan child, bearing my name, we took to our home to rear.

My daughter's husband was also rapidly declining in health, having symptoms of pulmonary consuption. Although a Christian, he was not without sorrow. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen ; for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal." Were we permitted to arrange our own affairs, without divine interference, we would choose a life of ease and pleasure, without tribulation.

The results, in such an order of things, would not be so glorious.

During my last winter in Red Bank, God poured out His Spirit upon the membership in an unusual manner. One Sabbath morning the discourse was addressed to Christians on the subject of *a forgiving temper*. After having proceeded about twenty minutes, a number of brethren and sisters suddenly arose and, moving toward each other, began shaking hands ! This, of course, arrested the preaching, and the exercise became general. Not long afterward, we were favored with a most glorious revival. The Church was greatly quickened, and many sinners converted. So far as could be ascertained the work was thorough. It was a pleasing sight to see husbands and wives, who had been united by me in holy matrimony, rising up and, arm in arm, coming forward to the altar for prayer, thus devoting their young married life to the Lord.

We had no foreign help in these special services. Gospel truth, in variety, was preached with sincerity and earnestness, under the guid-

ance of the Holy Spirit. Entire sanctification, as the Christian privilege and duty, and eternal punishment awaiting the wicked, were plainly set forth in Scripture language. God was pleased to affix His seal to the ministrations of the sanctuary, in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers.

The revival had features which were strikingly illustrative of the presence of God's power, and also of Satanic opposition. This was made manifest in the testimony of the converts, and the persecuting spirit of the ungodly.

An incident will show the need of having young converts carefully instructed. A lady, engaged in the millinery business, had been converted, very happily. One day she sent for me to advise her concerning temporal matters. Her class-leader had said to her that the making and selling of fashionable bonnets was incompatible with a holy life, and that she ought to seek some other mode of maintaining herself and family. This greatly disturbed her mind. My advice was, not to change her business, but to avoid as much as possible the countenancing of worldly

fashions, "the lust of the flesh and the pride of life," and have reference to God's glory in all things. We must avoid laying upon Christ's disciples unwarrantable burdens. "His yoke is easy and His burden is light ;" enabling us, however, as the possessors of "pure religion" to "keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

My associations in this charge were pleasant, being constantly on the line of Christian fraternity and good fellowship. The decision to serve this people a second year never occasioned a moment's regret. Consenting to stand in my lot, subject to the authorities of the Church, with a comparatively small salary, in the face of a more tempting offer, gave me unalloyed satisfaction ; and the receipts of that second year made up for the deficiencies of the first. In addition, the large ingathering of souls crowning my humble efforts was higher remuneration than thousands of gold and silver.

In the spring of 1854, Conference was held in New Brunswick, N. J. During the session, about the middle of April, there was a fall of snow to the depth of nine inches. My home was

with my old and much valued friend, "John Helm," and we had sweet fellowship. The appointment assigned me was Keyport, N. J.

About two months after entering upon this new field, the husband of my daughter, John Ross, of Staten Island, died. His wife and infant daughter came to live with us. Thus, son and daughter, each sorely bereaved, made a part of our household. Although the death of their loved companions was so full of joy and triumph, they refused to be comforted. We endeavored to cheer them with the blessed promises of Christianity, and by constantly holding them up to our Heavenly Father's throne. The people were kind, contributing, according to their ability, to our support.

My afternoon appointment was at "Bethany," about two miles from Keyport. Itinerating *on foot* was still the order, affording opportunities for communion with Heaven, in meditation and prayer.

Keyport was visited with a powerful revival, during the first year of my pastorate. "Holy women," as well as men, were good helpers in

the work. Their experience, testimony and prayers were highly spiritual and effectual, prevailing with both God and man. Great numbers were converted and added to the Church.

At the Conference, which was held in Newark in 1855, it was deemed best to continue my pastoral relation to the Keyport charge, another year. The tide of prosperity which had set in upon us was graciously continued. A large number of those who were received on probation in the winter were candidates for baptism. A meeting, to ascertain their preferences as to mode, was held. I also preached a sermon on the subject, showing that there are three modes open to individual choice, according to Bible teaching, and the provisions of our Church discipline. In the use of any one of them there might be "the answer of a good conscience," Christ not having restricted us in this matter. The candidates were instructed that God, and not man, had to do with their conscience. My part was to administer the ordinance according to the mode which they might select, in fulfilment of my ordination vows.

Nine chose immersion ; three, pouring ; and the remainder, sprinkling.

On a certain Sabbath, we assembled at a suitable place, near the wharf, to administer the ordinance, in the presence of hundreds gathered to witness the solemn scene. Rev. J. M. Tuttle assisted on the occasion, immersing the nine as they were conducted into the water by myself. This baptismal occasion, apparently, made deep impressions upon the gathered multitude. God has invariably given the approving sign while baptizing infants or adults, whether by sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. The outward sign and seal, as given in the sacred ordinance, are important ; but the inward, spiritual grace signified thereby, is of infinitely more importance—*the baptism of the Holy Ghost.*

CHAPTER X.

THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM.—LIFE AND POWER.

“But go thou and preach the kingdom of God.”—Luke,
ix. 60.

KEYPORT, situated on the Raritan Bay, was, at the time of my sojourn there, a small town, giving, however, good promise of future growth. Its inhabitants were largely engaged in the *oyster-trade*, and the adjacent country was devoted chiefly to the cultivation of fruit, large and small, for the New York market. The steam-boat, well-laden with the products of both land and water, made regular trips to the great metropolis. It was pleasant, occasionally, to visit the city, and I invariably received courteous treatment from the captain and the officers. My very kind-hearted people were not unmindful of their pastor when gathering and dispos-

ing of their crops—and my salary had risen to the encouraging sum of *four hundred dollars!*

Our house of worship having become too small, a subscription was started for the building of a more commodious one. This enterprise was completed under the pastorate of my successor, Rev. R. S. Harris.

Our friends in Keyport were numerous, sociable, and kind. To attempt to name them would seem invidious, and the catalogue would be imperfect. We had among us *living* Christians, actively co-operating in the Lord's work. The revival influences of the former year still rested upon the congregation. At times there were divine manifestations in the meetings, not to be forgotten. Once, it was thought, that a supernatural brightness filled the church, while we were bowed in silent prayer. It really appeared so to me, but I did not make it a matter of special remark. Others have freely spoken of it. It was followed by wonderful displays of saving grace. Some facts are worthy of mention in this connection.

A hardened sinner was deeply convicted of

his sins, being penetrated with the thought that God is just and true, and that He will inevitably punish the wicked, eternally, according to the declaration of His Word. His distress was so great that he could neither eat nor sleep, for a number of days. He came to see me to be comforted, telling of his deep distress. I told him that his being thus wrought upon by the Spirit of God, giving him to see the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" afforded me great joy. At this, he broke out into bitter crying, saying, "I came to you, brother Scarlett, to get some comfort, and you make me feel worse than ever." "Brother," I replied, "I hope you will never find rest until you realize it by faith in Jesus." That night he was brought to rejoice greatly in the God of his salvation. He was more than *slightly healed*. A man who had "a name to live, being yet dead," in a popular evangelical Church, was accustomed with his wife to attend our meetings, and was apparently seriously exercised. Calling upon him one day, I found him reading "*The Converted Infidel*," a book which I had written while living in Red Bank. My con-

version and Christian experience narrated therein, interested him so much as to lead him to come to hear me preach. One night, after the sermon, the altar was crowded with penitents. He was urged personally by me "to make his calling and election sure." He said, "Do you think I ought to go forward for prayers?" "Yes;" I replied. He went and bowed at the front seat, the altar being full. A night or two afterwards he was happily converted, and spoke with power "words of truth and soberness." His wife was transported with joy. He united with the Church, lived for God, and in a short time, died in the Christian faith. Are there not men and women in the Methodist Church, also, who were never truly converted? Yea, verily.

The proper instruction of seekers of salvation, and young converts, by those experimentally qualified, is of vital importance. "To convert a sinner from the error of his way, is to save a soul from death." This tremendous truth should never be overlooked. The Bible does not mislead. The revealed doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked is so con-

nected with the justice of God, and His righteous government, that it cannot be ignored by Christians with impunity. Deep conviction for sin, accompanied by a dread of punishment divinely threatened, is never fruitless. He who brings them into such spiritual sorrowing on account of sin will show them its cure. The sacrifice of Christ will be accepted by faith, and they will realize experimentally, that the grand atonement is more than an article in a human creed. The Holy Ghost is ready at all times to come into the heart, when there is "a believing to the saving of the soul."

A young man, teaching school in our vicinity impressed me favorably, although some of the young and worldly-minded in the Church thought him too grave for a young man. His studious habits, sincerity, evangelical views of Gospel teaching, evinced in his exhortations and prayers, led me to think that God was about calling him into the ministry. On intimating this to him, his modesty of spirit and action convinced me that God had a commission for him. Accordingly, his case was brought before the

Official Board, who licensed him to preach, and recommended him to be received on trial in the Annual Conference. Rev. Dr. J. S. Porter, presiding elder, gave him an appointment on his District, and the brother, Rev. Cornelius Clark, Jr., is now a popular and useful minister in the Newark Conference. How much we need men of deep experience in the things of God, to preach the Gospel—the Gospel of free and full salvation! *Unconverted theologians*, who have not the witness of a divine call to preach, though profoundly learned, do great harm.

Two dear brethren living within the bounds of Keyport charge, men of unswerving integrity, zeal, and uprightness, viz.: Rev. F. Murphy, a local preacher; and S. Poland, an exhorter; have gone to their heavenly home. They were regarded by all who knew them, even by the unconverted, as exemplary Christians. They entertained some quaint and strenuous notions respecting bodily mortification, as essential to entire sanctification, with which many good persons did not agree. But of their entire consecration to God there was no question.

An instance of the wrong treatment of a penitent sinner occurred in Keyport, similar to the one narrated in connection with my work in Red Bank. A worthy member of the Church related, in love-feast, that living in the country while young, he seldom heard preaching. There came, however, into the neighborhood, a Methodist preacher, under whose ministrations he was powerfully awakened. His feelings were so wrought upon that he feared he was going to die. A physician was called, who, after examining him, prescribed bleeding as the required remedy. Accordingly, *a bowlful of blood* was drawn from the poor sinner without affording the least relief. Another Methodist preacher providentially came that way just then, and called at the house of the suffering one, bringing with him "*The Good Physician.*" He prayed with Brother B., and pointed him to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Ever since he has been healthy and strong, having obtained forgiveness of sin and newness of life, through the once crucified but now risen Jesus. West Bloomfield was designated as my

next field of labor, at the Conference held in Trenton, in 1856. This charge embraced three appointments, viz.: "Bloomfield," "West Bloomfield" (now Montclair), and "Speertown." Here again three services on the Sabbath had to be conducted, giving me much "bodily exercise," in itinerating, keeping off *dyspeptic stagnation*.

At this Conference, the prudent, who "foresee the evil and hide themselves," thought that the body was becoming too large. A plan of division was therefore arranged, and we became "two bands." The Northern division constituted the "*Newark Conference*," while the Southern retained the old name, "*New Jersey Conference*." It was ordered, however, that they should meet in Conference fellowship once more before the formal separation.

In removing from Keyport to West Bloomfield (now Montclair), some difficulties were encountered. My predecessor, Rev. Dayton F. Reed and his family, still occupied the parsonage, in consequence of sickness. Brother Reed was a man of deep piety and wonderful natural genius. Occasionally he preached with uncom-

mon ability and real eloquence. He had some eccentricities which, no doubt, detracted to some extent from his usefulness. He had, however, made ineffaceable spiritual impressions upon many in that place. He was the author of a book entitled "Duties, Tests, and Comforts," which the late Dr. Jno. McClintock, in his introduction, states to be, "*terribly in earnest.*" During the few weeks that Bro. Reed's family were detained in the parsonage, we boarded in the family of the late brother Gorline Doremus, a man greatly beloved by the Christian community in which he lived. Both himself and excellent wife made it pleasant for us until we were settled in our home.

The work of God was revived on the charge, and the fruit still remains. In the latter part of the summer, a family from New York boarded with brother Doremus. They were members of the Episcopal Church, and were wealthy. Sometimes they worshiped with us on the Sabbath. Once, under the preaching, the power of the Spirit was manifested in unusual degree. The head of the family, a lawyer and true Christian,

was greatly blessed. Being unable to keep it to himself, he praised God audibly, his joyous expressions being intermingled with tears and smiles. Some time afterward he met me in one of the public streets of New York, and embraced me warmly, saying, "God bless you, my brother, I shall never forget you! Come, go home with me; I want to have a good, long talk with you about the blessed Christ, the Saviour of the world!" The people stared at him as though he had been a red-hot shouting Methodist!

The state of things on the charge warranted, as the brethren thought, a division into two appointments. At Conference, therefore, "Bloomfield" and "West Bloomfield" charges were constituted. The session of the Conference, which was held in Newark, was especially interesting on account of the "*Re-Union*" of the two bodies, prior to separation into their respective spheres. The presence of Rev. William Roberts, now of Oregon, and the late Rev. J. D. Blain, then of California, both formerly members of the New Jersey Conference, tended to heighten the interest of the occasion.

It was my lot to return to "West Bloomfield," and God favored us with a prosperous year.

About this time I received a note from Newark, informing me of the failing health of my old friend, Mr. Prudence Alling, ex-postmaster. Having been associated with him for more than seven years as assistant postmaster and letter-carrier, we were well acquainted. Sixteen years had elapsed since my entrance upon the itinerancy. Hearing of my being stationed in West Bloomfield, he desired to see me in view of his anticipated end. I found him penitent, and, while kneeling in prayer, he extended his hand to grasp mine. When we arose, he handed the Bible to me, requesting the reading of some appropriate portions. Then we kneeled together again and prayed. He said "he was a great sinner, but 'had been reading' the Bible for some time. And," he remarked, "I wanted to see you, John, because I can talk to you freely. You know *I was a Deist*, but now every time I try to pray, *my mind seems to slip off on Christ!* And then, good feelings possess my heart. What

do you think of it? Am I getting weak-minded!" "No, no, sir;" I replied, "it seems to me you are converted." He wept freely, which was quite unusual for him. The last he said to me was, "*I am going to risk myself in the hands of Jesus Christ!*" In a day or two after, he died.

Notwithstanding the goodness of God to me, we had sorrow at home. My son, David, it was apparent, would not live long. How sad we felt on his arrival, seeing his sunken eyes and emaciated, skeleton-like form! He tried to smile and be cheerful, for the sake of his parents, sisters and little boy. The next morning, while we were engaged in family devotions, he burst into tears, saying, "You cannot appreciate my feelings at this moment, my dear parents, in reflecting on the past two years of my life spent among strangers, and I have backslidden somewhat. Instead of hearing the Bible read, and prayer offered at the family altar, cursing, low jokes, and jeering at religion have saluted my ear. O, how this family worship has reminded me of the happy days after my conversion, when

at home with you ! I would like to impart the views of religion now realized by me, to all mankind. This scene is to me more impressive than the most logical arguments in support of Christianity. I have long thought of the fact that Christ's religion carries its own light. It is not dependent on talent or learning. It walks in its own way and shapes its own course. Jesus is its author and source, and the 'Captain of our salvation.' "

In this happy frame David remained for six weeks, before his decease. His experiences preparatory to the solemn change were full of interest. He loved music, and was delighted to have Christians in his room, singing the songs of Zion. His conversation in the closing hours was very spiritual. He said, "that Jesus seemed to be near him, even in the night-watches." He was free from suffering, retaining consciousness until the last. He said, "Father, I have the witness of my own soul's life, and the presence of the Spirit of God within me, revealing to me the knowledge of Jesus." I asked him once, "What was that talking in your room last

night—you had no watchers with you—who talked aloud?" He replied, "I did—I was talking with Jesus, telling him I was so unworthy, and praising Him for His mercy to me!" He was reconciled to God, although having murmured at the removal of his companion. He died in great peace, October 17th, 1857. The triumph over sin and Satan in his death, through Christ, was a great consolation to his parents.

His obituary, published in the "*Christian Advocate*," by Rev. John I. Morrow, who officiated at his funeral, contains some facts that will not be out of place in this connection, as true religion makes its possessors die well.

"David A. Scarlett, son of Rev. John Scarlett, of Newark Conference, died at West Bloomfield, N. J., at the residence of his father, Oct. 17th, aged 31. The Church at Madison, N. J., was associated with his dearest recollections. Here, in the Spring of 1848, during the ministry of his father, he gave his heart to the Saviour. Here he was consecrated to God in baptism; here he entered the communion of the Church;

here, in February, 1850, he was joined in matrimony to MaryJane Thompson, a member also of the M. E. Church. And here, in the providence of God, in the month of October, 1853, he stood a bereaved widower. Bowed down with grief, as he then was, he acknowledged the hand of God in his bereavement, and in meek submission to the Divine will. Humility was a prominent trait in his character. Two things he never lost sight of—the largeness of God's grace, and his own unworthiness. A short time before his decease he said to his father, 'If ever you make allusion to me, when you attempt to illustrate the power of saving grace, do not tell the people that I was good, but that the Lord was good to me. In my wanderings from Him, how sweetly did He chastise me, till He brought me back again !' He left an only son, but not without a pious father's counsel and prayers. One morning he called the child into his room, and gave him his Bible, with his family record ; and, said he, 'Now, my dear boy, I give you this book for you to read when you grow old enough. Try to remember the advice of your

dying father, who is going to heaven.' He then implored God's blessing on the life of the bereaved orphan. His final parting with his parents and two sisters was affecting beyond description. In compliance with his dying request, his remains were brought to Madison for interment. We followed his body to its silent abode, where it rests by the side of his companion, in hope of a glorious resurrection."

After passing through this sore trial I realized an increase of spiritual power. It brought me nearer to God. The world seemed to me more empty, compared with eternal realities.

My call to the Gospel ministry rested upon me with increased weight. More than ever it appeared to be the wisest, safest, and most reasonable course, to consecrate all to God. This is intimately connected with the turning of sinners unto the Lord. Was not this the purpose of God in leading me into the fiery furnace? God makes no mistakes in His providential dealings. We may think better results would follow if our inclinations and convenience were consulted. But God knows better

than we what is best. Having held meetings with special reference to the revival of God's work, commencing about Christmas, all the members were requested to unite with me in private prayer, each day, for the outpouring of the Spirit. On a certain Sabbath, not long after, God was eminently nigh, and Christ was very precious. After sermon, I stated that at the evening service seekers would be invited to the altar. To my disappointment, when evening came, it stormed so violently that the church was not opened. About eight o'clock, a knock at the parsonage door was heard. On opening it, four young persons, drenched with rain, entered. The wonder was what had brought them there under such circumstances. The first thought was, that they had come to be married. They were seated in the parlor only a short time, however, before they burst into tears. On inquiring what was the matter, they said, "they had agreed together to start that night to seek their soul's salvation. And, as there was no service in the church, they mutually resolved to come and ask my help in the parsonage." After

reading a portion of Scripture, giving them the best instruction I could, and praying with them, they retired with strengthened resolutions to be the Lord's. In a short time thereafter, they all rejoiced in God as their Saviour. This was the commencement of a gracious divine visitation, continuing all winter. The number of conversions, so far as ascertained, was *ninety-nine*, all uniting with us in Church fellowship.

This revival was not marked by outward manifestations, specially, as on some former occasions. This remark is not intended as an expression of opinion as to whether comparative silence, or noise, is preferable in revivals. God's Spirit should have supreme control in his manifold operations, untrammeled by human agency. In the present instance, the convictions of penitents were pungent, and the conversions genuine. We had not much foreign help, our members as far as possible being brought into exercise. I preached nearly every evening for four months, believing then, as now, that revival-work will be more solid if guided by the Word of God in preaching, exhortation and prayer.

In my last sermon, before leaving for Conference, the determination to take nothing back of the whole series of Gospel truths delivered to them, was distinctly declared. Those desiring to contribute to the support of the Church were offered an opportunity to do so. Thirty dollars of the amount were given by a prominent Presbyterian, notwithstanding my Arminian teaching. My views, as between Calvinism and Arminianism, have ever been distinctly announced, yet with fervent charity toward those of opposite views. Some of the best Christians with whom I have ever been acquainted, were Calvinists.

Hereafter, in the "bright beyond," we shall see clearly, and be joined in indissoluble bonds of holy love and eternal delight.

"There, names and sects and parties fall,
And Jesus Christ is all in all."

CHAPTER XI.

GOD IN THE ITINERANCY.

"That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."—II. Cor. iv. 7.

THE first session of the "Newark Conference," was held in Morristown in the Spring of 1858, Bishop Ames presiding. The field assigned to me was the Second Church, Rahway, N. J., in accordance with the request of the officiary. When this desire was expressed to me, personally, before the Conference, the response made was, that my destiny was in the hands of the Bishop, and if he appointed me to Rahway it would be acceptable.

On our arrival, the Rahway friends gave us a kind reception, providing a bountiful repast. Hearty greetings to a new pastor are welcome, removing all restraint and offering him needed encouragement. The Rahway people were sin-

cere in their friendship, generous in hospitality, steadily co-operating with us in the Lord's work. Of course, for the time, we missed the revival influence prevailing at "Montclair," and the singing and warm-hearted testimony of the converts, which are so helpful to a Gospel ambassador.

The Church at Rahway was larger than those previously occupied—the congregations were large and intelligent. Pious members of the "Society of Friends" often worshiped with us, and at times would give flaming exhortations at the close of the sermon. This accorded with my own feelings, and was acceptable to the congregation.

The Prayer and Class meetings were well attended and quite enjoyable. An eccentric brother, on one occasion, testified, that he had been for some time dying unto sin, but was not dead yet. There had been a crucifying of the old man and his deeds—he had kept him hanging on the cross, but somehow managed to bring him his dinner every day. The dinner-bringing, nourishing the carnal mind, thus honestly

and strangely expressed, was not doubted by those who heard the testimony. Alas, for us, this quaint witness has many imitators !

In the summer of this year a movement was made by the pastor and members of the First Church to organize a third. A meeting was called and a number deposited their Church certificates with the new organization. The pastor being called to another field of labor, the project failed and was, in fact, premature. The old Church was burdened with debt, and the full strength of the membership was needed to meet the obligations. Some who had gone into the new organization now proposed to unite with us, but knowing the circumstances of "the mother Church" they were advised to return. We closed the first year in Rahway under the divine benediction, and in the hope that its labors had not been in vain in the Lord.

In 1859 the Newark Conference convened in Haverstraw, N. Y., Bishop Simpson presiding. I was taken ill during the session. The attentions of Rev. James Ayars were so kind and brotherly as to call for grateful mention. A

warm friendship was then enkindled, continuing in after years. Brother Ayars was one of the ablest ministers in the Conference, holding steadily during his career to the doctrines and institutions of the Church.

It was deemed best by "the powers that be" to return me to Rahway for another year. While my relations with the Church were entirely pleasant, there were some things militating against our happiness and success that year. Political strife prevailed throughout the country —we were on the eve of the dreadful civil war. When the telescope of faith is lifted to behold Christ, and Him *only*, other things will be properly viewed. But when something else attracts, outside of Christ, truth is abandoned.

The trustees built a parsonage this year on a lot adjoining the church. Being appointed on the "Building Committee," I suggested that a "pastor's study" be included in the plan, which was adopted. The minister needs such a place, with proper appointments, for communion with God, holy meditation, and preparation for the pulpit.

Despite the outward agitation, and various unpropitious circumstances, we were favored with some visitations of the Holy Spirit. Sinners were converted and believers quickened. Some who were then united with us in Christian activities are sleeping in the grave. Brothers C. C. Winans and S. N. Bebout, were then promising young members of the Church. They were faithful in attending upon the public and social means of grace. They maintained an unblemished Christian character and life, and were modest in spirit and deportment. They are now useful members of the Newark Conference, occupying honorable positions.

The third session of the Newark Conference was held in Hackettstown, N. J., of which Bishop Scott was president. At its close, the order was given for me to take the pastoral oversight of "Dover and Millbrook Charge." This field afforded ample scope for all my ministerial gifts, under the helpful influences of the blessed Holy Spirit. I was not altogether a stranger in Dover, having preached there occasionally. Devoted friends lent their aid, and

the work of the Lord was joyous and successful. War rumors began at this time to portend coming bloodshed, a collision between the North and South seeming to be "manifest destiny."

Mutual hatred, strengthening for years, tended to arouse the passions and lead to the dread conflict. But, notwithstanding the clashing and clamor of political parties, our Church enjoyed an outpouring of the Spirit. A number were converted, and the membership was spiritually refreshed. Many will remember the powerful baptism received at the "*Watch meeting*."

Rev. C. S. Vancleve was presiding elder of our Morristown District, and shared largely in the confidence of the people. Unlike myself, he was fond of horses, and drove a span of spirited ponies over his district. On one occasion he stopped at the house of a very pious, aged man, the father of one of the present members of our Conference. Father A——, who was a very devout man, insisted that the elder should spend several days at his house. By association of ideas, this revives the recollection of an incident connected with the early ministry of

Brother Vancleve. Father A—— was, as above stated, deeply devoted, and zealous for the honor of God and Methodism. His every breath was prayer ; his whole life was characterized by purity, humility and fidelity. Brother Vancleve was sent as preacher in charge to Asbury Circuit, within the bounds of which this aged man resided. The new minister was comfortably attired, and had a good horse and carriage. He inquired for the house of Father A—— on reaching the circuit. Driving up to his door, the old gentleman came out, surveying the preacher from head to foot, giving him this salute : "Are you our preacher ?" Brother Vancleve answered, "Yes ; can I have my horse fed here ?" The reply was, " You look very fine for a Methodist preacher ; you wear a fine cloak, and your horse and carriage are very fine !" "Can I have my horse fed ?" again inquired the itinerant—"it is nearly noon." "Come in the house first—I want to hear you pray !" said the venerable man. Entering the parlor, Brother Vancleve was introduced to Sister A——. A Bible was laid on his lap, and he was re-

quested to read and pray with the family. O, what a spirit of prayer was poured upon the preacher at that time! The old soldier of Christ was satisfied with the prayer—and told his guest to sit still and his horse should be fed. He held on to the good pleader at the Throne several days, and a lasting friendship was begun. Such were some of the trials to which itinerants in days of yore were subjected. A spirit of earnest prayer was regarded as a test of the call to the ministry. How would it be now if every young minister entering upon a pastoral charge were required to pass through such an ordeal?

After this pleasant digression, I am called to record a painful family affliction to which we were called, in the illness and sudden departure of my beloved daughter, *Sarah*. She was prostrated in the early part of January and died the same month. But in the midst of our grief we were consoled by her closing Christian testimony, as well as by her exemplary Christian life preceding it. The Dover friends were sympathetic in this bereavement, striving to

do all in their power to aid and comfort their sorrowing pastor and his family.

The Annual Conference of 1861 was held in the city of Rahway. It was pleasant to have fellowship with the friends of former years. Here, for the last time, we had the presence of our beloved ministerial associate, Rev. John L. Lenhart, chaplain in the navy, who went down in the ship "Cumberland" to a watery grave. "The authorities" were pleased to commission the writer to a second year's service in Dover.

Slavery was hateful in the eyes of God. It was a cancer on the body politic. Infidel-abolitionism was a knife in the hand of Satan to cut out the festering sore. I began to see how Providence, through this war, as by the thunder-storm, would purify the atmosphere. Ideas in our civilization, derived from Bible teaching and Christianity, are more powerful, if you allow them time, than the sword of the mighty, and the artillery of the nation. God-begotten ideas will yet roll an influence under the reign of Christ, like a mighty flood, over all the earth.

While free from anxiety on account of the

progress of the war, there was reserved for my home-circle another cup of sorrow. My eldest daughter, Mrs. M. E. Ross, borne down with grief at the death of her sister, in eight months was wasted by disease, and died. She left us in the clear light of joyous Christian hope. Her triumphant departure was a wonder to those who stood around her dying couch. In full possession of all her faculties, having refused opiates, she was without pain of body or mind. She urged me to continue preaching the whole Gospel, with accustomed plainness, saying, it had been profitable to her. Such words as these dropped from her lips: "My future is all filled with glory, and this is all through Jesus Christ, who died and rose again for me. I was never happier in my life. Mother, don't weep for me, I shall see Jesus shortly, and you will not be long out of heaven—we shall know each other there!"

While friends stood around weeping, she was happier than all. Looking into her face, I said to myself, "Is not the *Spirit of Truth* aiding her to testify in this remarkable manner? Could the hope of seeing Jesus, husband, bro-

ther and sister, be a *tantalizing* one while dying? Impossible!" It was, undoubtedly, a foreshadowing of good things to be realized. She is now joyous in contemplating that true religion never inspired false anticipations.

Amid all our sorrows we had cause for gratitude. None could have been kinder than our Dover friends. And although our children were all dead, we had good hope of meeting them in heaven. Three had died in infancy, and three at adult age, enjoying experimental religion. After the death of my daughter, I had a deeper experience in the things of God, and a stronger love for Christ and His cause.

We assembled in Conference at Newton, N. J., in 1862. My appointment was to Madison, N. J. Thirteen years had intervened since my former pastorate here. "Green Village," "Chatham," and "Whippany," then included, had become separate charges. Many former associates had passed away. But these added years of pastoral life in familiar scenes, were pleasant. John E. Hancock, converted during my first pastorate, had, with others,

been faithful, and now his way was opening to the ministry. Being duly recommended, he became a member of the Newark Annual Conference, and is pursuing a useful career.

A stranger came to Madison who was shortly afterward prostrated by consumption. I visited him, requesting the privilege of reading the Scriptures and praying with him, but he refused. Having learned that he was once a reputable member of the Baptist Church, I asked, *Did not Jesus Christ once wash you in His own blood?* At that he burst into tears, became a true penitent, received Christ anew, and died a triumphant death. Wisdom from above is needed to win souls.

The beautiful situation, and salubrious air of Madison rendered our residence there exceedingly pleasant, and the people loved the old "land-marks," and were not averse to the praising of God "with joyful lips."

The church at Madison was unfavorably located, but it has been replaced by a new and handsome edifice. I trust that eternity will show that my double pastorate among the good people of Madison was not fruitless.

CHAPTER XII.

CLOSING ITINERANT LABORS—SUNSHINE IN RETIREMENT.

“For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.”—ACTS XX. 27.

AT the Conference of 1864, held in Paterson, I was appointed to Irvington, and returned there for a second year at the Conference of 1865, which met in Elizabeth. Irvington, being a suburb of Newark, was an agreeable location for me. There were five denominations represented in the place, and our own congregation being quite intelligent, opened a promising field for proclaiming the everlasting Gospel. With two of the denominations, the Universalists and Unitarians, or “*Christians*,” not being on the line of evangelical Christianity, but little Christian fellowship could be enjoyed. It was my aim, however, always to treat them with

becoming charity, avoiding controversy, which, if conducted with ambitious motives, or to show polemical skill, is never profitable.

The two years spent in Irvington, while not free from some annoyances on account of the heterodox elements referred to, were nevertheless crowned with the divine blessing. The preaching of Christ as a Divine Saviour, and the eternal doom awaiting those who reject Him, was attended with saving effects. Among the converts was a promising youth, who arose one evening in the congregation and came forward for prayers. At the close of the service he publicly declared his purpose not to rest until he found Christ. Shortly after he found the blessed Saviour while earnestly pleading for salvation in his bed-room, about midnight. Uniting with the Church, and showing good fidelity, he was at length called into the ministry. That youth, now Rev. J. A. Owen, is in charge of the First Church, Orange, and is my pastor—we have sweet fellowship together. It was during my residence in this place that we received the doleful tidings of the

assassination of President Lincoln, shocking this, as it did every community in our broad land. When, on the morning of April 15th, 1865, the newspapers came to us draped in mourning, containing the dread announcement, every heart was sad, and deep shadows settled upon all habitations. The admiration of "the honest President" was akin to the veneration for "Washington, the Father of his Country." The love of Lincoln was genuine, enshrining him in millions of human hearts.

About this time there were some occurrences of interest in connection with the cause of holiness. Rev. L. R. Dunn, pastor of the Central Church, Newark, who had not altogether sympathized with the teachings of Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, had received the blessing of perfect love, and openly confessed it. Rev. G. Hughes, of the New Jersey Conference, had also, during a visit to England, been brought into the light through the instrumentality of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and was witnessing to the great salvation. Rev. J. S. Inskip of New York, who had by a gracious Providence been led into the marvelous liberty

of full salvation, was assisting Brother Dunn in special services in his Church, and during their continuance the pastor, a number of his officiary, and many others, tasted the joy of perfect love. These brethren are now actively engaged in promoting this great work, by voice and pen, Rev. J. S. Inskip, editing the "Christian Standard;" Rev. G. Hughes, associated with Dr. Palmer, in editing the "Guide to Holiness;" and Rev. Dr. L. R. Dunn has written a number of excellent works on the glorious theme. How wonderful are the ways of Providence !

At the Conference of 1869, in Washington, N. J., Bishop Baker, who presided, announced my name as pastor of the church at "North Belleville," now "Franklin," to which place I was returned for a second and third year, at the Conferences held in 1867, on Staten Island, and 1868, in Plainfield. This was a pleasant rural charge, located in a beautiful section of country, and having in its membership devoted followers of Christ. The greatest personal blessing within mortal reach is, *full salvation by faith*. The

richest privilege is, preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ.

During the year 1866 the "Centennial of Methodism" was appropriately celebrated. It was fitting that this form of Christianity, expressively designated "*Christianity in interest,*" should review the wonderful Divine dealings characterizing the first hundred years of its history. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there were interesting services, and a large amount of money was raised for benevolent purposes, missions, the endowment of colleges and other objects.

It should be observed, however, that descent from an honored Methodist ancestry does not necessarily make such descendants worthy sons of worthy sires. *God-made* Methodists; or, widening the thought, *Christians*, are only in the true "Apostolical Succession." True Christianity is not received from men. It is by the direct operations of the Spirit, through the teaching of Christ, His example, atonement, and intercession. And whatever men attempt to add to the system, in deference to taste, wealth, culture or ambi-

tion, only mars the Divine workmanship. To make it popular with the world would destroy it. I trust that the living Spirit, still prevalent among us, thank God! will increase and perpetuate its working power. The crown jewel of Methodism is *holiness of heart and life*. One of the brightest and most hopeful signs of the times is the growing recognition of this *jewel-brightness* of the "Central truth of Christianity" by the several branches of the Evangelical Church. The prospect is that the Methodist Church can have no *doctrinal or experimental monopoly in this regard*. The old truth, old as the Bible, "Holiness to the Lord," and its experimental verification in the soul of the believer, is the common heritage of the whole household of faith.

During my connection with the good people of Franklin, as in other places, it was my aim to spread Scriptural holiness by pulpit discourses, consistent living and humble testimony. Some witnesses to the truth were raised up.

At the Conference of 1869, held in Newark, the charge allotted to me was "East Newark," where I continued three years, being reappoint-

ed at the Conferences of 1870 and 1871. The Society in East Newark was small, having only forty-five members. But they generously appropriated for the pastor's support seven hundred dollars, which was \$100 more than ever before received. Despite "the day of small things," the Lord carried forward His work, graciously. Precious fellowship was enjoyed, among others, with a family belonging to the "Society of Friends." They were cultured, refined, and strictly moral. They worshiped with us and brought their children to the Sabbath-school, each of the parents teaching a class. The wife requested me to visit her and converse on spiritual matters. Her mind was seriously exercised. She was directed to Christ, and soon was a bright witness of His salvation. The next Sabbath evening, just before the sermon, her husband came and knelt at the altar, asking prayer. He was quickly converted, and made as happy as his wife. They both united with our Church, and it has been my joy to hear that "the converted Friends" were among the best members.

The Conference of 1871 was privileged to hold its session in Morristown, in the handsome new church which had been erected, largely due to the liberality of the Hon. G. T. Cobb. Thirteen years had elapsed since the previous Conference in this place, the population had largely increased and there were many signs of improvement. My sojourn was with Brother George W. King, and my room mate was Rev. J. O. Rogers, a congenial companion, who, like myself, was of cheerful disposition. Knowing his peculiarities, and not unconscious of my own, I prepared my mind to avoid improper hilarity. One night, after we had retired, seeking "tired nature's sweet restorer," Brother Rogers inquired if I knew why we had been thus associated, to which my reply was, that it was doubtless on account of our recognized friendship. "No, no; Brother John," he responded, "it is because of my sedate disposition and to keep you in order!" My answer was, "Brother Rogers, do you think that is the only mistake ever made by the Conference?" We had a somewhat protracted season of converse, until, at length, sleep came

to our relief. Some rigid legalist, or one tinged with Pharisaic selfishness, given to a "sad countenance," might have indulged criticism. But, true religion is full of sunshine, while opposed to "foolish talking and jesting." My cheerful temper has kept sunshine around my heart, even down to old age.

Returning from Conference for a third year's employ in East Newark, I endeavored to devote myself to the one work of the minister, soul-saving. There was need of much pastoral visiting as well as preaching. Speculation was rife, having a damaging influence; Sabbath desecration prevailed, and intemperance was working ruin to many—it is a curse to mind, body, and soul, everywhere, for time and eternity. The Church was increased, numerically and spiritually, and willing and generous contributions were made for its support. In our Board of Stewards we had two *sisters* who were true helpers in the office. Among our converts was a Roman Catholic. He came to the parsonage one evening, handing me a note from Rodman Backus, of St. Luke's Church, Newark,

stating his trustworthiness and desire to be a Christian. We knelt in prayer together. After awhile he said he thought "*he was gaining ground.*" He attended our meetings, was happily converted, and united with the Church. His wife continued in the Romish faith, but did not persecute her husband. Being taken sick, I visited him, finding him very happy. He shouted, *Glory be to Jesus*, earnestly. His wife said, "Don't go on so, Thomas, your Saviour don't need that loud outcry." But he continued to praise the Lord. The last I heard of Thomas was, that he was holding on his way, enjoying the confidence of the Church.

At the Conference held in Hackettstown, N. J., in the spring of 1872, I received my last regular appointment, viz., to "*Somerville.*" Thus, at seventy years of age, the thirty-second year of this blessed and holy service was completed.

Somerville was a small charge, on the Raritan, having just been separated from other appointments. The people were mostly strangers, having only been there once, during the pastorate of Rev. C. Talley. Methodism was but feeble,

the Reformed Church having long occupied the ground, and still swayed a commanding influence. But we were not without spiritual fruit. The converts were, as we were able, nurtured in the faith of the Gospel.

The last Quarterly Conference of the year was presided over by the late Rev. Dr. J. T. Crane, presiding elder, and a unanimous request was made for my return. Dr. Crane had excellent traits of character. His purity, real friendship, and wise counsel, gave him a warm place in my heart. He was of service to me in my work. This acknowledgment is the more welcome to my feelings, because we differed on some points, theologically.

The closing of the last year of my itinerant career was peculiarly solemn. My connection with the Conference had continued for thirty-two years. Sickness had not kept me from the pulpit half-a-dozen times. Church matters, through the assistance of Divine grace, had been managed without any allegation of mal-administration, or the leaving of *sores for other hands to heal*. No complaint against me

had ever been made at Conference, so lenient had my brethren been toward me. To God be the praise. Why then, under these circumstances, should my relation be changed to that of "supernumerary."

The case stood thus: The measure of seventy years was well-nigh full. The people of any charge to which I might be appointed would naturally be discouraged in seeing in the pulpit an old, wrinkled, and gray-headed minister, and especially if a contiguous Church were favored with a fine-looking, young, and attractive minister. With this providential order, indicated on every hand, I had no quarrel. In the utmost serenity of mind, and with unshaken reliance upon the God who had for so many years graciously ordered my steps, I bowed to His will as then expressed.

The Conference in 1873, was held in Port Jervis, N. Y., and, at my request, a supernumerary relation was granted. I returned to East Newark to reside, mingling delightfully with former associates, and in true fellowship with those who had the pastoral oversight

of the Church, Rev. J. L. Hays and Rev. J. T. Cowan, brethren beloved in Christ. Under Brother Hays' administration a new Church was erected.

The last three years of our stay in East Newark, now "Harrison," were times of tribulation. Here came in the assaults of Satan. Had I retired too soon from active service? was the question presented. But my trust in God was unshaken, and the witness of His spirit unclouded.

Many calls were received to preach in different places. While assisting Rev. J. B. Faulks in special services in East Orange, Rev. J. J. Reed, of the First Church, Orange, called and solicited my aid, to which I assented. This visit was a very happy one. My home was with Hon. George J. Ferry, whose hospitality was hearty and munificent. Warm friendships were engendered while laboring with the good people of Orange. And, as a mission had been started at Williamsville, and it was thought I might be profitably employed in watching over that little flock, I was invited to take up my abode in

Orange. Having a desire to work for God in some way, and this appearing like a Providential opening to give me a small field to cultivate, and association with kind and congenial friends, in my declining years, the proposal was joyfully accepted. My heart went out in thankfulness to God that "a door of utterance was opened unto me." The Conference that spring was held in Halsey Street Church, Newark, a hallowed spot in my remembrance. After Conference we removed to Orange, and were comfortably settled in a quiet home, the kind offices of dear friends who gathered around us, rendering it a happy retreat. It is my privilege once on the Sabbath to dispense the Word of life to the little band at "Williamsville," who hear it gladly, and, as it appears, "grow thereby."

Orange is now a beautiful, lively, and growing city, magnificent in its surroundings, healthful, and in every respect a charming place for residence. In, and around the city are villas of architectural taste and beauty. The roads and avenues are mostly macadamized. "Orange mountain" is commanding. The landscape

scenery is far-ranging, on a clear day from "Eagle Rock." Who that has rambled through "Llewellyn Park," or been favored with a drive therein, has not been charmed? Its sloping curving avenues are deeply shaded by branching trees of evergreen. It has dreamy solitudes sunny spots, and fragrant flowers. Out of mimic lakes, sky-reflecting, gurgle streams of limpid water. Stately edifices with dewy lawns in front grace the mountain-slopes. The dogwood trees in the distance seem, in the sunlight, like ragged patches of snow, hanging on the skirts of departing winter. "Llewellyn Park" is a delightful place for Christian meditation and communion with heaven. Many a pleasant ride have I enjoyed with my good friend and Brother Green, "Dolly" giving us *running commentaries on rapid transit*, while we were snuffing the mountain breezes and gazing on the varied and captivating scenery. Bishop Janes said, a short time before his death, "that he had traveled much, but had never seen anything exceeding the splendid prospects from Orange mountain!"

The Church Associations of Orange are very congenial. The pastors, Revs. J. J. Reed, J. H. Knowles, and J. A. Owen, with whom I have been related during the few years of my residence there, have endeared themselves to me, by their uniform kindness, courtesy, and Christly bearing. Brother Knowles is now the presiding elder of the district, and is esteemed very highly for his work's sake. There are some ripe Christians in Orange, fellowship with whom is exceedingly profitable To see them, cheerful, contented with their lot, with their faces Zionward, glowing with love and immortal hope, is indeed inspiring. Such thoughts have been inspired, specially, while looking into the age-furrowed faces of two model Christians in our midst, the venerable "*John Nichol*," now 97; and "*David Coddington*," past 84 years of age; the former a Presbyterian; the latter, a Methodist. They are brethren beloved, serving the one Christ.

In closing this chapter, the thought creeps over me that *I am an old man!* I am in my eightieth year and have been a Christian

forty-nine years. God has been very good to me, but I have been but "an unprofitable servant." My health is excellent, and I take an increased interest in the prosperity of the Church.

My one life of probation, to be exceeded by another of unchangeable character and destiny, will soon be past! How long I have yet to live, awakens no anxiety. God will order my death at the *right* time, and my grave will be in the *right* place. "My times" and all my interests are in His hand. "There is an end, and my expectations will not be cut off." Grace leads to glory. The "God of all grace," in Jesus Christ, has surrounded me with goodness. He has hemmed me in all sides so that no evil can invade my spiritual premises, He will be the guide of my pilgrimage to its final goal.

"There is a land that is fairer than day"—I expect to be an inhabitant, throughout the blissful round of eternal ages, after closing my eyes to all terrestrial scenes.

THE END.

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